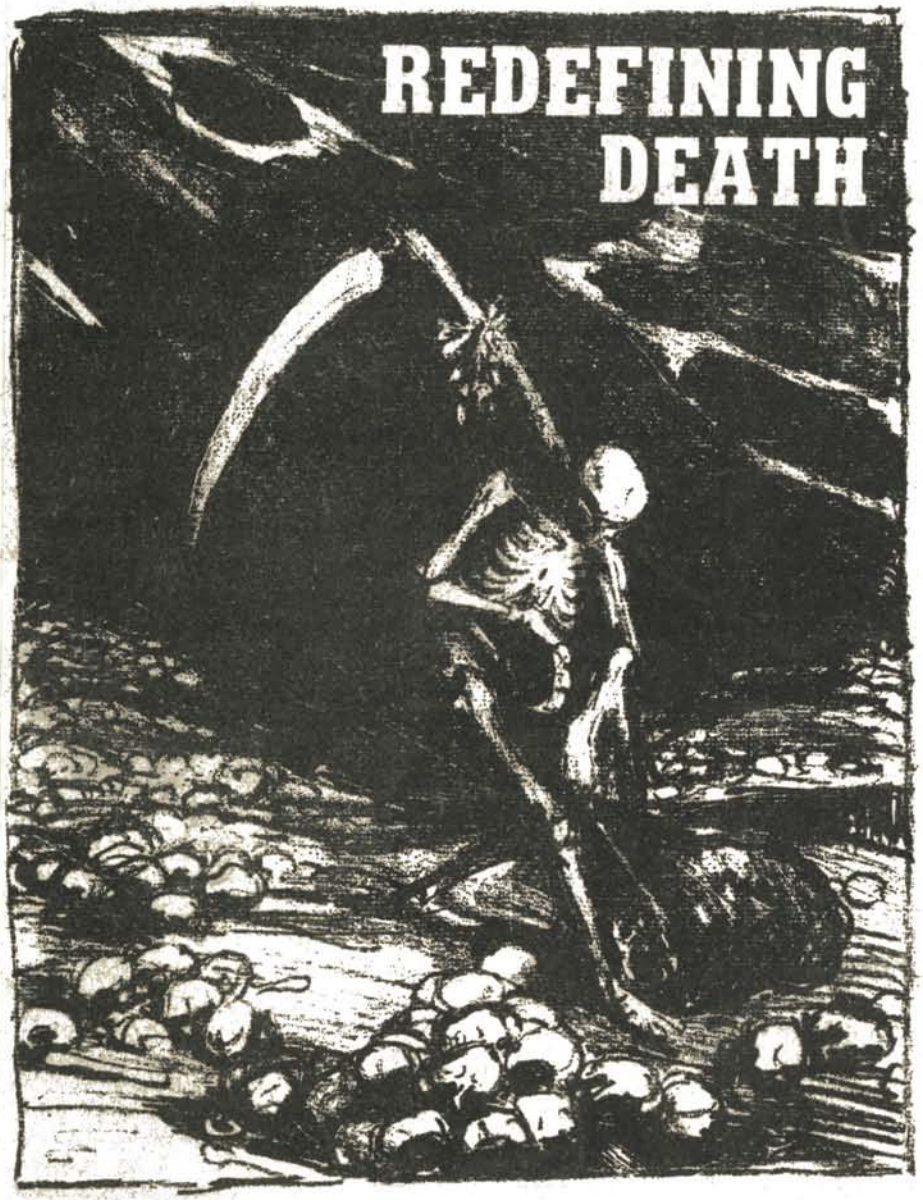
commonweal

St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

The Editors
GOODBYE DREAMBOAT

ONE DOLLAR

JULY 6, 1979



Michael Harrington
THE CITY DISEASE

Thomas J. Cottle
ELAINE'S TRIAL

Joseph E. Mulligan
DOMINICAN INC.

Abigail McCarthy
OUR ONLY PRESIDENT

Frank Getlein
ALAS, POOR AUTO . . .

Joseph A. Page
MALPRACTITIONERS

Gerald Weales
NEAT & LOOSE

Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.
ALTMANETTES

Bogumil Kosciesza
THE POPE'S POLAND

AG 12-78 12-79
St Charles Sem. Lib.
Carthagena Sta
Celina, Oh 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

President Berrigan?

Worcester, Mass.

To the Editors: Thinking again about "1980—With a Little Help From Our Friends" [May 25], I do have a presidential candidate to recommend: Philip Berrigan. He's the one man I can think of who has worked steadily for the public good on central issues of the past twenty years—civil rights, war, and nuclear armaments; and his recently published "campaign biography" includes a number of simple truths that one listens for, in vain, from most candidates. Here is one such truth, from a chapter entitled "Thoughts from Alexandria Jail": "The U.S. Magistrate, a better than average WASP guardian of the War Department, sentences five of us to jail, with tears in my case. I understand his dilemma and feel a rush of sympathy. But the fact is that he sheds no tears over the potential thermonuclear hell coming off the desks in the War Department. Then I reflect further, with a touch of jaundice, that the essence of liberalism is to have your words, tears, life cost you nothing."

This quotation is from Berrigan's *On Beasts and Beastly Images: Essays Under the Bomb*, available from Sunburst Press, P.O. Box 6, 4610 S.E. Belmont, Portland, Oregon 97215 ($3). Information about his political platform and activities appears regularly in *Year One*, 1933 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md 21217 (no subscription charge, but donations graciously received).

MICHAEL TRUE

A church failure

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your editorial "Why Not The Best" [May 25] reflects my own thinking regarding President Carter. I am very much tempted to put the blame on him.

He came into office on campaign promises which in many ways reflected positions taken by the churches in the last few years. Church structures have exhibited considerable competence in advising the government what it should or should not do. Education of church members in a way that makes government action for peace and justice politically possible is not an area of strength in most church structures—despite the access of the church to the majority of the population in churches all across the nation. I fear Carter's failure reflects the failure of the church.

ALICE WIMER
National Affairs Executive
National Council of the
Churches of Christ

Elect Glinda the Good

Lewisburg, Pa.

To the Editors: I found the May 25 Presidential Wish List a fascinating and depressing exercise in something or other. In reading over the suggestions I kept expecting someone to nominate Glinda the Good—but perhaps she would be too sectional. (And besides we have tried a president from the South.) It is a little hard to generalize from a list that contains Russell Kirk and Harvey Cox, but there is a theme which such an exercise invites and which most of the writers accepted all too readily.

Asking people to *wish* for a president rather than voting for one invites fantasies of power. If one could just wish either of the California Ronalds (Dellums or Reagan) into office, well then, one might as well go on to fantasize that these estimable public personae could magically carry out their various programs. But isn't this sort of fantasy game the ruination of political judgment right or left? It seems to me that there are two clear truths about our society that tend to get ignored in wishful politics. We live, for better or worse, in a democratic society (however imperfect) and our problems are immensely complex. Our friends on the left and right appear to believe that because they are sure their programs are moral and correct, the people must truly want them. Harvey Cox believes that the real silent majority is socialistic. It would take the skills of a Harvard theologian to divine that fact from the current popular mood. Proposition 13 hardly seems the work of closet collectivists. Truly it may be wickedness and sin that we spurn Ralph Nader or Barry Goldwater for the Oval Office, but democratic polity dredges up our inanities along with our wisdoms. To be sure, some of your correspondents favor Ted Kennedy who does have popular appeal—though one suspects more for charismatic style than any defined public sense of his program.

The neat correlate of ignoring the mess of popular opinion is reducing the mess of problems to one overwhelming issue: the arms race, the energy crisis, the power of some undesirable elites (left: capitalists; right: government bureaucrats). The vision in political fairyland is marvelously simple—behold the White Cross Knight all puissant who slayeth the single dragon before the Castle of Purity. *The* great champion, *the* great issue, Armageddon here we come.

The converse of these scenarios of cleansing power is all too evident in the replies of some of your other correspondents: the retreat to powerlessness. One writer cites Auden on the advantages of lifetime monarchy and John Garvey concludes "individuals in power can't make any important difference." If we cannot have the White Cross Knight, let us have no one at all.

My own political hero was Adlai Stevenson because he seemed to me to be a genuine politician, not a disguised messiah. (It was remarked that he was perhaps the only person in American public life who pronounced the word polit-i-cal with all its syllables so that it sounded dignified not a term of abuse.) Stevenson said that he would "talk sense to the American people" and he asserted

(Continued on page 415)

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest and Book Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106. Serials Data Program No.: ISSN 0010-3330. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Copyright © 1979 Commonweal Publishing Co.

Illustrations: Cover I, Charles Ricketts in *Form*; Donato, *Toronto Sun*, Rothco Agency; p. 394: Arthur Stadler in *1914-?*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents

Volume CVI, Number 13

Correspondence	386
Editorials	387
The president we have: *Abigail McCarthy*	389
The American auto, R.I.P.: *Frank Getlein*	390
Pilgrim among symbols: *Bogumil Kosciesza*	392
Redefining death: *Walter G. Jeffko*	394
Dominican Republic, Inc.: *Joseph E. Mulligan*	398
The trial of Elaine Harrington: *Thomas J. Cottle*	400
Stage: *Gerald Weales*	403
Screen: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.*	404
Verse: *Lewis Turco, Mary Oliver*	405

Books

The Streets Were Paved with Gold: *Michael Harrington*	406
The Battle for the American Church: *John Jay Hughes*	409
The Unsuspected Revolution: *Joe Nicholson*	410
The Malpractitioners/Pain and Profit: *Joseph A. Page*	411
A Time of Death: *Ivan Sanders*	412
In Brief: *Jack Riemer, Jack Dick, Jean Bethke Elshtain*	415

Staff

Editor: James O'Gara
Executive Editor: Peter Steinfels
Associate Editor: Raymond A. Schroth
Editorial Assistant: Anne Robertson
Columnists: John Garvey, Frank Getlein, Abigail McCarthy, Thomas Powers
Movies: Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.
Poetry: John Fandel
Staff: Linda F. Kayler, Harriette Balsky
Advertising Manager: Ruth E. Taylor
Publisher: Edward S. Skillin

Commonweal, A Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts, is published biweekly, except monthly Christmas-New Year's and July and August, by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: (212) MU 3-2042. Yearly subscriptions, U.S. and Canada, $20; foreign, $22. Special two-year rate: $35; foreign, $39. Single copy, $1.

commonweal

THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAMBOAT

THE AUTOMOBILE has long been considered the bellwether of the American economy, the pride and joy of the American male, and perhaps a potent sex symbol as well. One way or another, it is a rare American family that does not own at least one car. Today, however, overall car sales are down—thirty percent in early June—and those of big gas-guzzlers are way down. With the continuing talk of an energy crisis and the growing gasoline crunch, there is a swelling chorus of those who say that the much-vaunted auto is not the unmixed blessing that it was once cracked up to be. One leading voice in this blues chorus is Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams, who for months has been talking of the need to "reinvent" the automobile. Basically what this seems to mean is that cars have to be redesigned to make them far more energy-efficient. Right now, for instance, a federal mandate to the industry is in the process of raising the average fuel economy of new cars from the current 19 miles per gallon to 27.5. This is good, but it is still not enough to keep up with rising demand. What is needed, it is said, is a great technological leap by the industry so that the fuel economy of the new cars would average 50 miles per gallon by the year 2000. And to help the industry reach this goal, Secretary Adams proposes a massive government-funded program of basic automotive research, the price tag on which could reach $100 million a year—which is all right, provided that the program paid for at public expense is not allowed to become a giant rip-off on behalf of the big automakers.

What is obvious about such a plan, with or without government assistance, is that the American lifestyle would have to change accordingly. A car that would get 50 miles to the gallon would almost certainly be much smaller and much lighter than present small, light cars. It would be an "in city" car, able to carry only a couple of people in comfort, unable to accommodate much luggage, not suitable for large family outings or long trips. If it were to remain a prized status symbol, it would have to be a new kind of status.

But, skeptics say, is this trip to the woodshed necessary? If the polls are accurate, a large majority of the American people believe that our current problems are due primarily to the shenanigans of the big oil companies, not to any real oil shortage. We would like to think this was true, and there is a certain amount of evidence in that direction. Loss of Iranian oil for a while obviously hurt, and Iranian production is still substantially below previous levels. But our total national supply of crude, from foreign and domestic sources, is almost exactly what it was a year ago. Gasoline consumption is up, but not enough to cause great alarm. On the other hand, it is also true that the hard winter of 1977-78 caused a severe drop in our fuel-oil reserves. The oil companies have to make up for this and prepare for a possibly hard winter ahead; this means less gasoline production. We would be among the last to suggest that the sound of rising prices at the pump is not music to the ears of big oil; nonetheless, it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not really seem that everything can be blamed on them.

Whoever's guilty, what are the prospects? On balance, the man who seems to us to have summed it up best was an anonymous administration spokesman who said things would get better in the short run and worse in the long run. Better in the short run as the oil companies step up gasoline production, as gas is more equitably distributed and the panic dies; worse in the long run because of our continued reliance on foreign oil.

U.S. dependence on imported oil grows and grows. While Nixon was president, we imported less than 20 percent of our total consumption. Today it is fifty percent. Last year the United States spent $42 billion to import foreign oil. This year the bill will climb to around $55 billion. By the mid-1980s some experts expect this total to reach $100 billion. Two results would be well nigh inevitable: prices that would make the present ones seem downright pleasant, and a serious worldwide depression.

Support for this gloomy prediction can be found in a study by the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment. In a major study of the automobile in America, the O.T.A. warned that the nation's economy could be crippled by the cost of imported petroleum in 20 years, barring rationing, large increases in gasoline prices, or a switch to gasoline substitutes. If present policies continue, said the study, the nation will face a grave petroleum shortage. "The implications of this potential supply shortage are profound and pose a serious threat to our continued reliance on the automobile as the predominant mode of personal transportation," said the O.T.A. Noting that there is grave doubt that the level of petroleum imports needed to meet this shortfall can be reached or sustained, the study said that even if Arab oil continues to flow freely—something by no means certain—imports by 1985 will be 10 million barrels a day and by the year 2000 will be 15.4 million barrels, at a conservatively estimated cost of $146 billion a year, three times the current outlay.

The O.T.A. study on the automobile was commissioned by the Senate to help in the on-going argument as to whether the schedule of fuel economy imposed on the automakers by Congress is too stringent. There is little in the report to give comfort to Detroit. The demand for petroleum in non-Communist countries is rising so sharply that the members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries would have to double their production by the year 2000 to keep up with the demand—a highly dubious possibility. And even if foreign oil continued to be available, its price would continue to rise to the point that the cost of fuel would have a profound effect on the balance of payments, the value of the dollar, the level of employment and the general state of the economy.

Is there any ray of hope? One hopeful possibility would be a federal program aimed at producing synthetic gasoline. Ten years ago, when gas at the pump cost one-third of its present price, this would have seemed a ridiculous idea. But with millions of tons of unused coal available to make synthetic gasoline, government officials estimate that gasoline so produced could now be sold at $1.30 a gallon—a price that no longer looks so prohibitive. Gasoline can also be made from shale and from tar sands, both in plentiful supply. According to current calculations, a synthetic oil industry could within five to ten years produce five million barrels a day—more than 20 percent of our current needs. Various efforts in this direction are being made: President Carter's proposals for a windfall tax on the oil companies contains a provision for synthetic gasoline production. What should be carefully avoided are programs of government-industry partnership in which government supplies all the capital and takes all the risk, while the giant oil companies reap the ultimate bonanza. With that proviso noted, programs for synthetic gasoline production are good, and support for them would probably be forthcoming if Congress and the public can be persuaded that there is a real problem and not just a temporary minor inconvenience.

So—yes, Virginia, there is a genuine long-range petroleum crisis, whatever the short-term sins of the oil companies, and sooner or later a shift will have to be made from petroleum to alternate energy sources for the automobile. This shift is too much for industry to handle; it will inevitably require a strong government program, and the sooner we make a start, the better. It's as simple and as complicated as that.

DEPARTING EDITOR

There are all-too-few individuals who recognize the complementary character of higher education and serious journalism—and can excel in both areas. Raymond A. Schroth is one of them. Long before joining *Commonweal*'s editorial staff in January 1972, he was deeply involved in both. A Jesuit, a Ph.D. in American Studies and a professor in the Communications Department at Fordham University, he was also an experienced contributor to a number of journals, including *Commonweal*, and a member of a newspaper family. Ray estimated that his father had written over 40,000 editorials in the course of his career—for the *Trenton Times*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *Philadelphia Record*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle*. An uncle was the last publisher of the *Eagle*, the paper that Walt Whitman had edited a century earlier and the subject of Ray's book, *The Eagle and Brooklyn*, published in 1974.

In the seven-and-a-half years since he came to *Commonweal*, Ray Schroth never slackened in this double commitment, as an educator and a journalist. At Fordham he became one of the most highly regarded teachers, unstintingly responding to the emotional and moral needs of his students as well as rigorously challenging them intellectually. At *Commonweal* he had responsibility, in the first instance, for the book review section, a section most recently honored, for the second consecutive year, with a first-place citation by the Catholic Press Association. But he also carried out a full range of editorial tasks, from composing major editorials to planning and guiding large-scale projects like last year's *Commonweal Papers: New Frontiers in Theology*. In addition he produced a steady stream of reviews and articles, for *The New York Times Book Review*, *America*, *The Month*, and of course *Commonweal*. Only an extraordinary combination

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of dedication and discipline allowed him to be a double-time editor in what was, officially, less than a half-time position.

As of now, however, the educator has taken a jump ahead of the journalist. Raymond Schroth has been named Academic Dean of Rockhurst College, the Jesuit liberal arts college in Kansas City. He takes with him *Commonweal*'s gratitude and best wishes—as well as our expectations of future contributions to these pages. We suspect that not even the well-known rigors of being a dean can long keep a Raymond Schroth away from serious journalism.

Commonweal publishes only one issue each month during July and August. The next issue, therefore, will be dated August 3.

POSTSCRIPT ON POLAND

There has been so much said—and well said—about the Pope's visit to Poland. What can be added to this display of living faith, this demonstration of the moral bankruptcy of an imposed regime, this firm and yet diplomatic testimony of one man to the powers of resistance and reconciliation revealed in Christ? "In the course of this delicate journey," the correspondent of *L'Express* concluded simply, "John Paul II did not make a single mistake." There was much talk of "Eurocatholicism," though in the spirit of the Pope's own appeals to unity the term ought to have been "Eurochristianity." Stalin's sneer about the papacy's military power seemed to be definitively answered.

What is the source of this spiritual authority that John Paul represents even for non-believers? Writing in *Esprit* before the papal journey, Paul Thibaud noted that people have lost all faith in official ideologies and official bureaucracies, both East and West, cut off as they are from all particular human experience. Between these glacial institutions it has been the independent efforts—press campaigns for human rights, support for Soviet dissidents, Nobel juries, Amnesty International—that have kept the human flame burning. The Pope has taken the lead of these efforts.

There is a paradox here. For the church, too, has often enough been frozen in official ideology, been subservient to an official bureaucracy. Without the flexibility of post-conciliar Vatican policy toward Eastern Europe, without 150 years of internal Catholic dissidence on matters of human rights, there would have been no visit to Poland, no stirring appeals for the rights and dignity of all men and women. The Pope faces the challenge of maintaining his campaign for pluralism, human rights and human dignity against all the frozen structures of the political and economic worlds at the same time as the papacy—and with it all of us—strives to discover what these ideals will mean within the church itself.

Of several minds: *Abigail McCarthy*

THE PRESIDENT WE HAVE

WHY IS CARTER AT BAY?

I ALWAYS hesitate to write on political subjects. I still remember being scolded by my Girl Scout leader for saying that I didn't think Al Smith was going to win the presidential election. It seemed to my young mind that even the voters in our little town who did not object to his Catholicism, even those who supported him because of it, were alienated—or, at the very least, dismayed—by other things. He said "raddio" when everybody knew it was radio with the long "a". And he insisted on wearing his brown derby, headgear exotic beyond belief to rural Midwestern eyes. What was colorful political symbolism in the boroughs of New York was simply strange to us.

But our troop captain held that even a tenderfoot scout could weaken her candidate by giving voice to such thoughts. And she may have been right.

James Fallows, the erstwhile White House speechwriter who has written so critically about the president, holds, nevertheless, that Carter has the greatest stability of character of any recent holder of the office, or anyone likely to hold it. He is also said to have told friends recently that Carter is probably the brightest—not the most intellectual, but the brightest—man to have made it to the White House in this century or, given our system, likely to make it.

"Considering the competition, Jimmy Carter is still the best hope for someday bringing the government under control," he also wrote. Others might be more inspiring, but none of the candidates now being discussed would have had the same four years of re-education in the problems presented by the bureaucracy.

Stability of character, brains, the ability to learn—not bad traits with which to characterize a president. They add up to a strong endorsement of the president on Fallows' part, yet who can doubt that his emphasis on the president's weaknesses contributed to his slide in the polls?

The president has other virtues. He is strongly a peace president, not at all *macho* in his attitudes toward provocative foreign adversaries, not so intent on saving face that he is willing to risk war. He has demonstrated his willingness to go the other mile in order to get agreements. Tentative and fragile though it may be, the agreement in the Mideast—so much the result of his personal effort—has changed history.

Nor, apparently, is the president vindictive toward those who deny him support or do not agree with him. Complaining, yes—querulous, yes—but not so punitive that he pulls projects out of congressmen's districts, for example. This is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usually cited as a weakness by political columnists, remembering the clout exerted by Lyndon Johnson, and by John Kennedy through "the Boston Mafia." Still the absence of vindictiveness *is* a personal virtue. It may even be a political one in a day when parties are weak and leadership in the Congress so weakened by "reform" that the Speaker of the House cannot exact fealty.

In the past a president with such strengths could expect to have his peccadilloes overlooked or tolerated and his weaknesses down-played by the members of his own party. He could expect support from the average citizenry and from the opposition on matters of international import where the nation's interest was concerned. A president in office is the president the party has. He is the president the country has. His weaknesses transfer to party and country. It does not make sense to weaken him further.

Why then do we see a president at bay? Why do we see a Democratic president who cannot marshal support for his programs from Democratic members of Congress? Why do we have maverick party members launching write-ins for Senator Kennedy and committees for "a Democratic alternative"?

In part, because, like Al Smith, Carter cannot seem to lay aside his regional idiosyncrasies even in the national interest. Again, in part because he has not and will not learn the connection between language and leadership. In part, because he persists in thinking himself above or outside of "politics" when, in fact, the office he holds is at the heart of politics and dependent on the intelligent exercise of that art. ("I am proud to be a politician and the son and son-in-law of politicians," said Senator Howard Baker, one of his possible Republican opponents recently, and received round applause from a Washington press audience.). Most of all, because he has failed to handle the energy and inflation problems with consistency and flair and feeling for the people's distress—something he still could do, one must add, if he made a fresh start.

When all that has been said, however, I think we must recognize that part of Carter's problems are not his own, but come from, or are complicated by, political changes in the country. I have noted in a previous column that junior and senior high school students no longer learn the elementary facts about how the government works; we have a largely uninformed younger electorate. Vietnam and Watergate alienated older voters. The myth of the superiority of the "independent voter," so popular among members of the suburban middle classes, is only one of the things which has weakened the parties as nominating bodies. Presidential primaries—without which Carter would not have reached office but now a hazard for him—were never intended to be definitive in the nomination process, but to be a potential corrective if a president needed to be called to account for excessive use of his powers. Now they prolong the elective process beyond reason and cause candidates to proliferate in swarms.

An equally important change is the growing tendency of the media to act as participant in the political process. Lyndon Johnson, according to David Halberstam, complained to the networks that they were coming between the president and people, between the parties and their constituencies. David Broder told a press audience recently that they should admit how much they condition events by the process of selection—what they choose to report and what they do not. Fallows pointed out that members of the press, like some presidential aides, become campaign junkies, are uninterested in day-to-day government, and report everything in win-lose terms rather than in terms of process. James Reston has noted the tendency to exaggerate expectations which results in what *was not* accomplished overshadowing the historical importance of what *was*—the compromise peace between Egypt and Israel, for instance.

Last of all, as Meg Greenfield of the *Washington Post* wrote recently, so-called reforms have tended to separate the politician from the rest of the populace, thus creating a "political class" and a "permanent condition of candidacy" for some public figures, Senator Kennedy among them. Incumbency is much more complicated than it was in 1960.

A president facing 1980 is affected by all these changes but he must not be dominated by them. Since we face great problems between now and then, and since President Carter is the president we have, we must hope that he really has the capacity to learn, that he can change, that he will master the art of politics, the inspiring use of language, and demonstrate clarity of thought, voice, and purpose in leadership—the leadership we need *now*—not in 1981.

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

Of several minds: *Frank Getlein*

THE AMERICAN AUTO, R.I.P.

WHEN THE WELL RUNS DRY

IT MAY NOT be so bad, you know, when the well runs dry and we face, at last, the bare bottom of the tank. That ultimate depletion will not be without its compensations. Its blessings will be so thinly disguised as to be visible to all and for many will outweigh its inconveniences.

There is by now no doubt at all that the well will run dry. This is not a question of sheiks or ayatollahs, but one of a limited amount of a commodity, which, when it's all used up, is all used up. If OPEC fell apart tomorrow—a prospect distressingly remote—the world would still run out of oil at a not quite yet predictable date.

There's wind and solar, of course. Wind brings to mind that wonderful sail-driven railcar of Mike Todd's *Around the World in Eighty Days*, but don't overlook windmills with their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powerful symbolic significance for artists as different as Cervantes and Rembrandt. Solar so far has been stuck on the disability that it's hard to figure out a way to make it a monopoly of your local power company. Quite the contrary, everything you hear about solar energy, every working example you see, demonstrates again that it's something neighborhoods, cooperatives, even individual families could put up and make work for themselves, hence it attracts little interest in government. The solar future is enhanced, however, by the existence of plans for a kind of solar collecting station out in space, which would gather in the sun's energizing beams, transmit them to power companies everywhere and thus create at once the expensive apparatus and the fruitful combination of public subsidy for private profit which alone can bring new technology into being. There remains the problem of preventing private, small-scale groups or families from tapping their own solar resources, but no doubt a suitable tax scale will be worked up to protect the free entrepreneurs from unfair competition from do-it-yourselfers.

Meanwhile, to contemplate a world without oil is to contemplate a world remarkably attractive in numerous particulars, even some generals.

In the first place, most of the world's history was lived without any oil at all. When it appeared naturally it was more often regarded as a nuisance than a benefit. It is barely a century since John D. Rockefeller the First bought the Pennsylvania legislature and put petroleum products on the way to the ubiquity they have since enjoyed. That's a lot of time, a lot of people and a lot of quite respectable human achievement without petroproducts.

In the second, there is considerable evidence that the Americans—and hence the imitation Americans in other lands—began turning away from automobiles even before the crisis became critical. Some cities, for instance, rose in organized and successful opposition to the incursion of freeways designed to split cities as effectively as earthquake chasms. Freeways have been rejected and turned back, the land reclaimed for more human uses, not only in crazy San Francisco, but also in solid old Milwaukee. New mass rail transit has been installed not only in San Francisco but also in Washington.

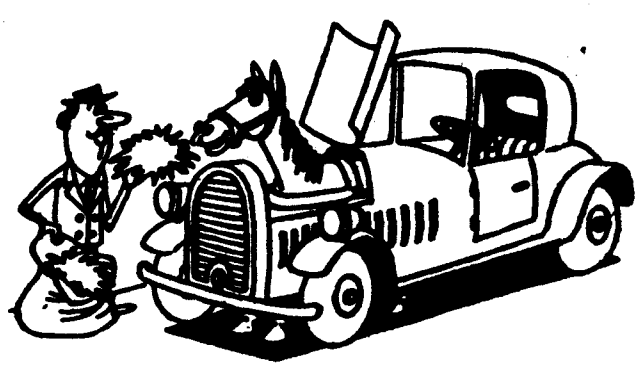
Then, too, the past several years have seen in increasing numbers certain streets or blocks or even whole little grids of streets delivered from cars and given to pedestrians to walk about on without fear of being bumped off. In similar developments, both Rock Creek Park in Washington and Central Park in New York have been reserved on weekends or parts thereof for non-internal combustion locomotion, or even non-locomotion. It is thus not unreasonable to hypothesize that even before OPEC, scarcities and price rises right out of classical monopoly capitalism, the American folk soul realized that the automobile, after what no observer worth his salt has failed to call our love affair with the machines, was reaching the end of the road, had outlived its usefulness, was more bother than it was worth.

When the famed love affair began, you'll recall, the automobile was a great novelty. It could whirl you about the countryside and to distant cities with a speed and range totally unfamiliar to owners of horse-and-buggy rigs and with a personal freedom unknown to railroad riders. Moreover, there was a mechanical fascination in the apparatus itself. For years, autos came equipped with tool boxes and a full panoply of wrenches and pliers, spare bolts, the works. Drivers were their own mechanics and cars were built so you get at them. The driveways of the land were filled on Saturdays with drivers taking the thing apart and putting it back together. On Sundays the family went for a ride in the country and it really was in the country, not past it in an indistinguishable blur of green-and-white signs, concrete and plastic food purveyors.

That's all long gone now and will never possibly be re-created outside the movies. With it has long gone the automobile as an instrument of pleasure or instruction. Most auto repair now takes place in professional places at astounding prices, incompetence and brazen crookedness, but the cars have been carefully engineered to make them all but inaccessible to all but the talented or trained.

Moreover, the prophetic among the folk have been engaged in a countermigration, against the migration to the suburbs not so much made possible by as enforced by the automobile. More and more people lately have been moving back into the city, where they don't have garages and can get around on public transport.

If, through these and many other signs, the folk has indeed written off the auto, it is fair to speculate on what the car's purpose in our history has been, anyhow, if not to create the suburbs, the highway trust, the petro-multinationals and the rest. It seems reasonable to guess that the real purpose was to slay once and for all the provincial Puritanism that kept this nation in intellectual, social and artistic kindergarten. In this the automobile was eminently successful, enjoying what was, in retrospect, its heyday simultaneously with the peak of Puritanism, Prohibition. There is no question about who won that battle, nor is there any question but that the auto was a principal player against the Prohibitionists. Bootlegging



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have been impossible without cars and trucks, the speakeasy without taxis. What put the roar in the roaring twenties was the gasoline engine. The rumble seat alone—now, like most good things about cars, long gone,—did more for sexual liberation—and gymnastics—than Masters and Johnson and Hugh Hefner taken together. With the end of Prohibition, the battle against Puritanism was over and the country free to find its own ways in social, economic and artistic ventures of many kinds, following the short delay caused by the Depression and World War II.

That victory accomplished—and indeed reinforced by the two disasters—the automobile's purpose was accomplished, too. It lost its social purpose and like all things with no purpose made up several new ones for itself, notably the highway system, the shopping center phenomenon, the suburbs and the ever more Baroque, not to say Rococo design of cars themselves. But the purpose was gone and it was only a question of time before cars went, too, and going they are.

It is only necessary to glance at those things the auto invented to give itself pseudo-purpose when purpose was

PILGRIM SYMBOLS

JOHN PAUL II IN POLAND

Russian-occupied Warsaw, 1898. A long mall leading from the Royal Palace. A statue of the Virgin in the center. All around, traces of Poland's past splendor: rich burghers' houses, magnates' palaces. A silent crowd fills the mall; all Warsaw is here. At the edges of the crowd groups of Tsarist police, troops of mounted Cossacks. All eyes are on a tall, cloth-swathed object at the south end of the mall. Henryk Sienkiewicz pulls the rope, and the sheets fall away revealing the statue of Adam Mickiewicz. Still in silence Sienkiewicz approache. a podium. The police and the Cossacks tense—the authorities permitted the erection and unveiling of the statue to this Polish bard on two conditions: no speeches, no demonstrations. The author of Quo Vadis *raises a sheaf of papers high over his head and, in a shrieking silence, tears his prepared speech in half. An immense sob shakes the crowd. Then silently they disperse, forever to remember. The Muscovite is pleased: there was no demonstration!*

A POLE has a sense of the symbolic, a sense of history imprinted on his soul by the centuries of glory, centuries of greatness, centuries of foreign oppression. In Poland, where every stone is a relic of that past, he sees more than actions, hears more than words. Only by looking at Pope John Paul II's pilgrimage from that viewpoint, can we understand the feelings engendered by this Pole's visit to these Poles.

In Warsaw hundreds of tablets commemorate places of Nazi mass executions; in hundreds more unmarked spots an anonymous hand drops a bouquet of white and red flowers. In this city much of the symbolism is drawn from tragedy.

A short block from the Mickiewicz monument is Victory Square, once the scene of a bloody battle between the citizens of Warsaw and the Tsarist invaders. Late in the 19th century a Russian Orthodox Church stood here, a Tsar's "Gift to Poland," meant and understood as a symbol not of religion but of foreign oppression; a church so vast that it would have been empty if all the Orthodox inhabitants of Warsaw came to worship at the same time.

As this square fills with people come to celebrate the Mass, the rite of peace and reconciliation, with the Polish Pope, the spirits of the 800,000 inhabitants of Warsaw who perished in World War II hover over the throng of the living. The spirit of the "Unknown Soldier," whose tomb faces the papal altar, is the legate of the legions of Poles who died throughout the world fighting "For Your Freedom and Ours."

The Poles have a tradition, somewhat analogous to the custom of Christmas cribs, of erecting Holy Sepulchers in their churches at the end of Holy Week. Each parish tries to surpass the others in beauty and imagery. In World War II university artists of the Academic Church of St. Anne built Sepulchers that were powerful allegories of Crucified but soon to be Risen Poland. In spite of the arrests of the "perpetrators," each year a new Sepulcher was erected each year hundreds of thousands filed past the "Grave."

This identification of Poland's suffering with the Cross is almost two hundred years old; Poland's romantic poet Mickiewicz gave the most famous expression to this "Polish Messianism" when he compared Poland, suffering for the transgressions of Europe, to Christ suffering for the sins of man. Now the young of Warsaw, gathered outside St. Anne's, bid farewell to the Polish Pope with a sea of crosses. High above their heads stands the oldest monument in Warsaw, King Sigismund II—a huge cross in his hand.

Gniezno is the site of the first Polish Archbishopric, and yet no King of Poland is buried there. Instead, the graves of two Czechs dominate its ancient cathedral. High above the main altar is the silver sarcophagus of St. Adalbert, the Bishop of Prague, the Apostle of Poland. In the floor of the sanctuary, just by the ancient baptismal font, lies Queen Dubrovka, the Czech princess who married and converted the first Polish Christian monarch—Mieszko I.

It was a shrewd political move on the part of Mieszko. The voluntary conversion removed the German excuse for raiding his country under the pretext of "Christianization." Accepting baptism from the hand of a missionary bishop, answerable directly to the Pope, kept his country independent.

Thus in 966 Poland entered the family of western nations as an equal, through the offices of two Czechs—a woman and a bishop. Now a group of Czech pilgrims, the spiritual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gone—the roads, the malls, the suburbs, the obscene bulging of the cars—to realize at once what a blessing its passing will be.

There is another aspect to petro-production, of course, and that is, as the party guest told The Graduate, PLASTICS. From double-knit suits to garishly colored, instantly breakable nursery toys, petro is behind most of the plastic horrors that fill our lives with shoddy goods, unhealthy colors and insulation from the forms and materials of the real world. The beauty of plastic was simply that the designer could make it assume any shape, unconfined by the natural limitations of wood or metal. The irony was that few such unrestricted shapes have come close to the beauty that comes naturally with wood, stone, metal and the rest. There was no conflict between the mind of the maker and the material, thus no tension, no drama, in the finished form.

The transition will be gradual, with phasings out and slow changes, but with any luck at all, the petro and the plastics will be gone in a century and we can live like humans again.

FRANK GETLEIN

descendants of Dubrovka and Vojtech (Adalbert), have come to the gravesite to call in the debt. They meet the Polish Pope with a banner reading: "REMEMBER, FATHER, YOUR CZECH CHILDREN."

In 1956 Poland celebrated the 300th anniversary of the coronation of the Black Madonna as the Queen of Poland. The government barred the nation's primate, Cardinal Wyszynski, from taking part in the solemn festivities in Częstochowa. The response was typically Polish. On the ramparts of Jasna Góra monastery Wyszynski's brother bishops sat on each side of an elevated throne. That throne was left empty except for a single red rose.

A million pilgrims journeyed to Częstochowa in 1956. This June more than a million arrived to pray with their Pope. In the throng was a contingent of Silesian miners and their families, the men's uniforms and the women's regional finery proclaiming their identity. They came to demonstrate again, not some defiance of the government, but their national identity and their strong faith.

These stubborn people of Silesia have kept their Polishness, their language and their religion through more than half a millennium of foreign domination, through Bismarck's *Kulturkampf*, through Hitler's concentration camps. This tribe of Henry the Pious, that finally broke the Mongol invasions with a wall of its bodies, is not likely to lose its faith now.

With them the miners brought their celebrated brass bands to play ancient songs to their Shepherd—the brass bands that once "accidentally" played "Stars and Stripes Forever" for the visiting Khrushchev.

If Warsaw's mementos bring to mind the sorrowful mysteries of Poland's history, Cracow's evoke the joyful and the glorious. Here was the center of Poland's glory and, in the Jagiellonian University, an ancient center of learning, a font from which sprang ideas of freedom and tolerance that influenced the centuries. Here ruled Casimir the Great, a lawgiver in whose statutes we find none of the harsh penalties common to the codes of his era, grantor of unprecendented civil rights to the Jews persecuted and expelled from the rest of 14th-century Europe, protector of peasants, regulator of working conditions, provider of gigantic state aid to victims of natural disasters. Here lived and taught Paul, son of Vladimir, rector of Jagiellonian University, who delivered at the Council of Constance a ringing declaration in defense of human rights. "One must not interfere either with the person or the property of an infidel. . . . The greatest tolerance is due the Jews, because by their books we prove our faith. . . . It is forbidden to force anyone to accept the Holy Faith. . . . A Catholic Knight, not being an absolute subject, must be sure of the justness of the war before he takes part in it. . . ."

And some 400 years before Karol Wojtyla, another bishop and a graduate of the Jagiellonian University, Wawrzyniec Goślicki, asserted the God-given inalienable rights of subjects to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. "It happens that a nation, rightly provoked and angered by tyranny and usurpation of its kings," he also wrote, "takes advantage of the undeniable right of defending its freedom and . . . throws away the yoke, chases away its Lords and Masters and takes the full reins of government in its own hands."

When John Paul preaches human rights, he is holding fast to a long tradition.

An American pre-schooler's favorite nursery song may inform the world that "Mary had a little lamb"; a Polish innocent's lisping rhyme proclaims that "Wanda drowned herself, because she did not want a German."

Legend tells of Wanda, a daughter of Krak, who inherited his throne. She was so beautiful, and the Cracow land so prosperous, that it woke the jealousy and greed of a German knight, Rytgier. He sent legates to Wanda to demand that she marry him and, as a dowry, give him the land of Krak. He warned that a refusal would be taken an insult to be avenged with fire and sword. Not willing to subject her people to a bloody war or to the cruel domination of the Germans, Wanda drowned herself in the Vistula.

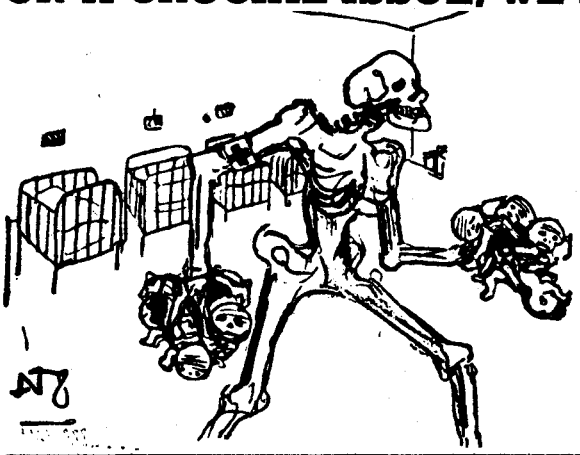
In the village of Mogila, which translates as "grave" or "mound" there stands the 8th century Tumulus of Wanda. Nearby stands the 13th century Cistercian Abbey Church of St. Vaclav, a good and holy king martyred by his godless brother, and to this church the people of Nowa Huta brought their picture of the Black Madonna to be blessed by the Pope. It is worth remembering that to the Poles, Wanda's story is a reminder that freedom from foreign domination has sometimes to be bought by great personal sacrifice.

BOGUMIL KOSCIESZA

(Bogumil Kosciesza, a previous contributor, is a chemist, editor and author.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON A CRUCIAL ISSUE, WE NEED CAREFUL DISTINCTIONS



Redefining death

WALTER G. JEFFKO

TRADITIONALLY, defining death was simple. It occurred when breathing and heartbeat stopped. Without oxygen, the brain quickly died, and the organism as a whole ceased to exist. In the last twenty years or so, however, two developments in biomedical technology have raised problems for this traditional, cardiopulmonary definition. First, artificial life-support systems have maintained respiration and circulation in irreversibly comatose individuals whose brain function is totally destroyed. The only reason these brain-dead individuals are "alive" is that they are attached to a mechanical respirator. But are they really alive, or are they actually dead?

The second development concerns organ transplants. To preserve the vitality of the organs to be tranplanted, there should be no unnecessary delay in declaring a person dead. At the same time, one would obviously not want to declare organ donors dead prematurely and thus remove organs from the living.

Faced with these two problems, the famous Ad Hoc Committee of the Harvard Medical School issued an influential and controversial report in 1968, advocating a "new" definition of death, that of "brain death." Essentially it said that an individual should be judged dead when his total brain is dead (such an individual is often called "decerebrate"), even if his respiration and circulation could be maintained artificially. It proposed four criteria for determining when an individual fulfilled this definition: (1) total unreceptivity and unresponsitivity—even to the most painful of stimuli; (2) no movements for one hour as observed by a physician and no breathing for three minutes when taken off a mechanical respirator; (3) no reflexes, e.g., fixed and dilated pupils, and no brain-stem activity; (4) a flat electroencephalogram (EEG)—an indication considered of great confirmatory value. The Committee recommended that the patient be declared dead before the respirator is turned off. This would guarantee that, in organ transplants, organs would be removed from the dead and not from the living.

Two additional factors govern the valid application of these four criteria. First, all of the above tests are to be repeated at least 24 hours later with no change. Second, two conditions must be excluded from these criteria: hypothermia (body temperature below 90°F); and the presence of central nervous system depressants, such as barbiturates. Both conditions are known causes of *reversible* coma, and the application of the criteria to them may yield similar results as in irreversible coma.

There are those, however, who feel that the Harvard Report did not go far enough. According to this group, once you begin down the road of defining the death of a *person* in terms of brain death, then the only logical alternative is to define death in terms of that part of the human brain which is the seat or locus of man's consciousness and of his higher, rational activities—in short, of that part of the brain which is associated with his personhood. They consider this part of the brain to be the neocortex, which, in general, is the outer surface of the cerebrum. According to them, a person should be judged dead when his neocortex, and not his total brain, has permanently ceased to function. A neocortically dead individual, like a decerebrate one, will suffer irreversible coma and will register a flat EEG. Unlike the decerebrates, however, the neocortically dead may still be able to breathe spontaneously—off the respirator—and exhibit reflex activity such as eye-opening and yawning. For their brain-stem may still be intact. Consequently, insofar as these individuals are able to perform such lower functions, society in general still judges them to be alive, although it is customarily said that they exist only in a "vegetative" state rather than in a truly human state. On the other hand, the neocortical position maintains that, since what is at issue here is the life or death of a human being and not of a "vegetable," these individuals are really dead—considered, that is, precisely as human beings. If a person is neocortically dead, then, he should be declared dead, even if he is exhibiting

WALTER G. JEFFKO *is a professor of philosophy at Fitchburg State College in Massachusetts. He is completing work on a book,* A Personalist Theory of Human Nature & Value.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spontaneous respiration, circulation and other reflex activity. Admittedly, such cases are uncommon, but they do occur. Karen Quinlan is a notable example.

Thus, there are three major competing definitions of death today. Let us call them the "cardiopulmonary," the "decerebrate," and the "neocortical." Is any one by itself completely valid? Which are invalid? Does it make sense to have more than one definition of death, as is the case in some of the states which have adopted definition of death statutes? Is a synthesis among these definitions possible?

I

To answer these questions, we need to make some distinctions, an activity that unfortunately strains the patience of a great many people and yet ought to be seen as inevitable when society approaches a matter as delicate and central as the definition of death. Above all, we must recognize that the process of defining death occurs at different levels. We have already seen, for example, that the Harvard Report distinguishes between its "new" definition of death proper and the criteria, tests and procedures used to determine whether or not an individual has in fact died in accordance with this definition. The significance of this distinction becomes obvious as soon as we realize that the criteria, tests and procedures might change (with the advance of medical capabilities) while the definition remained the same.

But in fact the Harvard "decerebrate" definition of death, and the rival "cardiopulmonary" and "neocortical" notions, are all definitions at the *physiological level*. Since these physiological definitions concern the death of human beings, they will inevitably rest on certain philosophical presuppositions concerning what a human being, or human nature, is. And a philosophical concept of humanness, in turn, implies a philosophical concept or definition of what constitutes the death of a human being. In other words, another level of definition.

This philosophical definition will be distinct from, but oriented toward, a particular physiological definition of death. For example, the neocortical physiological definition presupposes a philosophical definition of death something like, "permanent cessation of the consciousness and rational activities characteristic of the personhood of a human being." This definition, in turn, presupposes a concept of human nature which identifies the totality of man's being with his personhood and thus effectively writes off his lower biological nature. On the other hand, since the cardiopulmonary definition at the physiological level explicitly focuses on man's respiration and circulation rather than on his brain activity as such, it appears to rest on a concept of human nature which holds that man's biological dimension is primary and his rationality or personhood is secondary.

But we must go further. A philosophical definition of human death in particular presupposes a philosophical definition of death in general. This is the first of the four levels of definition—and the starting point for an analysis that I hope will justify a new definition of death and synthesize the de-

Since these physiological definitions concern the death of human beings, they inevitably rest on philosophical assumptions about what a human being, or human nature, is.

cerebrate, neocortical and cardiopulmonary definitions that are now pitted against one another.

ON THE FIRST level, that of a philosophical definition of death in general, it is necessary to consider what its contrary, life in general, is. In its most proper sense, life is something that applies to organisms. It applies to other contexts either analogously (organ, cells) or metaphorically (a language, a music). Death here is defined as *the total and permanent cessation of the spontaneous activity of an organism as a whole*. Two elements of this definition require a brief explanation: (1) "spontaneous," and (2) "organism as a whole."

Spontaneous activity is essential to an organism, and is distinguished from the transient activity of non-living, or inanimate, beings. Spontaneous activity—for example, nutrition—originates, continues and terminates within the organism. It is an immanent activity which either maintains or develops the individual organism or else propagates its species. (In the case of propagation, even though its final stage, in some instances, terminates outside the organism by reproducing another one of its kind, its preparatory stages terminate within the organism.) On the other hand, transient activity—say, a stone rolling down a hill—is wholly external to its object. It neither originates, continues nor terminates *within* the inanimate object. It does not maintain the object in existence, much less develop it or propagate its "species." Indeed, the term, "propagate its species," does not even apply here. If, then, an organism completely lacked spontaneous activity (or function), it would not be a living organism. It would be dead.

The phrase "organism as a whole" is distinguished from "each and every part of the organism." To illustrate this distinction, let us suppose that someone has just died according to the traditional, cardiopulmonary definition. For a period of time after his death, isolated cells and tissues may continue to manifest biochemical activity in the form of slight hair and fingernail growth. Not each and every part of his organism has died. Yet no one would claim that this individual is still alive. For his organism as a whole has died: those systems which pervade and sustain his whole organism have irreversibly ceased—the respiratory, circulatory and nervous systems.

Turn now to the second level of defining death: a philosophical definition of *human* death, which presupposes a philosophical definition of human nature. Aristotle's widely accepted definition of human nature will be our touchstone: "Man is a rational animal [or organism]." Man's rationality is his primary or higher dimension. It includes everything that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinguishes him, as one species of animal, from all other species of animal. As such, it covers such activities as thought, self-consciousness, intentionality, culture-making, language and other forms of symbolization, the distinctively human feelings such as love, compassion and kindness, and everything all of these imply—science, philosophy, religion, art, morality, mathematics, politics, technology, etc. Man's rationality roughly corresponds to what is often called personhood, or his spiritual nature. Man's animality or organicity, on the other hand, is his secondary or lower dimension. It refers to the fact that he has a biological body, a fact that he shares in common with all other animals. Our philosophical definition of human death based on the foregoing definition of man is: *the permanent cessation* primarily *of man's rationality and* secondarily but necessarily *of his animality (or organicity)*. The implications of this definition will be developed as we turn now to the next level of defining death.

LEVEL THREE is a physiological definition of human death. It must adequately reflect both man's rationality (or personhood) and his animality (or organicity). The question before us is this: how do we translate the philosophical concepts of rationality and animality into corresponding physiological concepts? In other words, what is the physiological seat or locus, as far as death is concerned, of man's rationality and animality? The cerebrum, or higher brain, would seem to be the sufficient physiological locus of man's rationality. If the cerebrum is destroyed, there is permanent loss of consciousness and a flat EEG. There is no chance that an individual will ever again perform a rational activity.

If, however, the brain-stem is still intact, even though the cerebrum is detroyed, an individual may be able to breathe spontaneously even while existing only in a vegetative state. In turn, breathing controls circulation, which are the two fundamental activities with respect to man's animality in the sense that, without them, man dies within minutes. Therefore, man's brain-stem, his respiratory system, and his circulatory system are the three physiological loci of man's animality insofar as a definition of death is concerned. Bearing in mind that, although both rationality and animality are essential dimensions of humanness, rationality is the primary dimension and animality secondary, I propose the following physiological definition of human death. Death is *the irreversible cessation* primarily *of cerebral function; and* secondarily but necessarily *of (a) lower brain function, including that of the brain-stem; (b) spontaneous respiratory function; and (c) spontaneous circulatory function.*

Finally, level four of defining death involves the various criteria, procedures, and tests for determining when death has occurred. They are essentially the business of the medical profession and, as I said, may change with time. For the moment the Harvard criteria are widely accepted as sufficient evidence of brain death. They are certainly sufficient evidence of cerebral death, although there is some question whether a flat EEG by itself is. Therefore, until this question is resolved, the more inclusive Harvard criteria should be employed as criteria of cerebral death, even though they measure more than that. There is certainly no justification for holding, as some do, that a flat EEG by itself is a sufficient criterion of the death of a human being. As of now, it should be used merely as a confirmatory adjunct to other criteria. In spite of the enormous development of medical technology, the fact remains that most people continue to die as they always have. In general, the traditional cardiopulmonary criteria are still quite adequate and are the ones most physicians employ. Nevertheless, as one neurosurgeon-philosopher observes: "Clinical unresponsiveness to any external or internal stimuli, lack of spontaneous respiration, fixed dilated pupils, lack of brain-stem reflexes, an isoelectric electroencephalogram or absence of cerebral blood flow may one day mean 'death' as clearly as an absent heartbeat does today."

II

At this point we may shift about restlessly and ask exactly what has been gained by this painstaking exercise in definition, and in particular by my own physiological definition.

What, for example, is the practical purpose or benefit of distinguishing between primary and secondary attributes of a definition of death? For a man is not dead until all of them are fulfilled; and if one of them is not fulfilled—whether primary or secondary—he is still alive. The practical benefit of the distinction is this. It enables us to indicate what kind of human life is *significant* and worth saving. In my opinion, if an individual meets the primary attribute of death but not the secondary ones, he no longer possesses significant human life (although, to be sure, he is still alive), and his life is no longer worth prolonging—at least by the use of extraordinary means.

Beyond this, my physiological definition is an attempt to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

synthesize the cardiopulmonary, the decerebrate and the neocortical definitions by keeping their strengths and omitting their weaknesses.

The strength of the traditional, cardiopulmonary definition is that it still adequately covers the vast majority of individuals, who die "naturally." Without respiration and circulation, the whole brain soon dies, and the organism as a whole is dead. But this definition has two weaknesses. First, to count someone as alive, it does not require that respiration and circulation be spontaneous. Therefore, on this definition, a totally brain-dead individual who can respirate and circulate blood only because he is attached to a respirator may still be considered alive. Therefore, in order not to call such an individual alive, I have modified the traditional cardiopulmonary definition by insisting that respiration and circulation be spontaneous. As we have seen, spontaneous activity is an essential characteristic of an organism. Secondly, by explicitly defining death in terms of respiration and circulation, and specifically excluding not only the brain in general but the cerebrum in particular, the cardiopulmonary definition, unlike mine, implies that man's animality is primary and his rationality or personhood is secondary.

THE STRENGTH of the decerebrate definition is twofold. First, it focuses on the organ which is the physiological locus of man's rationality or personhood—his brain. Secondly, to count someone as alive, it asserts that respiration must be spontaneous and therefore implies that circulation must be spontaneous. A decerebrate individual who is breathing only because he is attached to a mechanical respirator but who needs no additional device for circulation, such as a heart-lung machine, should not be regarded as having spontaneous circulation. His heartbeat should be regarded as an "artifact," which is sustained only by continued artificial respiration. The non-spontaneity of respiration, then, guarantees the non-spontaneity of circulation. The reason the decerebrate definition insists that respiration be spontaneous is that spontaneous respiration (and circulation) is always evidence that the brain is not totally dead. The weakness of this definition, however, is that it does not distinguish between the cerebrum and the lower brain, particularly the brain-stem. Therefore, it fails to make the cerebrum the primary locus of death, and in doing so, it fails to recognize that man's rationality or personhood is the primary dimension of his being. Instead, it implicitly treats his personhood and organicity as co-equal dimensions of human nature.

The strength of the neocortical definition is the emphasis it places upon the neocortex and cerebrum as the locus of human death. Herein also lies its weakness. It forgets that, although man is primarily a person, he is not exclusively so. It forgets that organicity is an essential dimension of humanness and that until organicity dies, a man is still alive.

I ALSO BELIEVE that this physiological definition can provide the basis of a uniform legal definition of death. Levels one and two of the definition are too broad and too philosophical for legislation; level four is too medical and technological, and is best left to the determination of the medical profession. Yet it seems reasonably clear that death statutes are needed. Because of the current confusion as to when someone should be judged dead, the courts are being asked more and more to make decisions that properly belong to the legislative process and, ultimately, to an informed public opinion. Admittedly, some of the statutes enacted to date have been unfortunate. In Kansas, for example, the first state to enact a death statute, two alternative definitions of death were adopted. The first is a cardiopulmonary definition; the second, a brain definition. The apparent purpose of the latter definition is the facilitation of organ transplants. The Kansas statute, however, raises two problems. First, human death is a single phenomenon. There are not two separate phenomena of death, as the statute seems to imply. On the Kansas statute, an individual could be declared dead by the second definition and still be alive on the first. But it is absurd to say someone is both dead and alive. Secondly, it is fraudulent and unethical to have a "special" definition of death for the purpose of organ transplants. If someone is really alive, he is not made dead simply by a legal declaration of death. There is a world of moral difference between removing organs from the living and removing them from the dead—especially when the organ donors have given their express consent to have them removed only after they die. What is needed, then, is a statute which embodies one definition of death and which uniformly applies to everyone.

On the Kansas statute, an individual could be declared dead by the second definition and still be alive on the first. But it is absurd to say someone is both dead and alive.

St. Xavier's New Mission

Hundreds of sick, hungry, naked and dying, stretching their empty hands

89 villages, 600 open huts, 1600 desperate parents and 3400 shivering children need your help.

PLEASE SEND YOUR LITTLE MITE BY CROSSED M.O. OR BANK DRAFT TO: Rev. Fr. Palatty M. Catholic Mission, P.O. Salana, D.T. Nowgong, Assam, India.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GULF & WESTERN'S 'STATE WITHIN A STATE'

Dominican Republic, Inc.

JOSEPH E. MULLIGAN

LAST SUMMER brought significant political change to the Caribbean island nation of the Dominican Republic, with the bowing out of Joaquin Balaguer and the inauguration of Antonio Guzman as the new president. The election was not without the familiar intervention of the Dominican military on the side of the incumbent, but stern warnings from the Carter administration resulted in grudging respect for the constitutional process. (The U.S., of course, did not see any real political or economic threat in the ascendancy of Guzman and in the liberal but still capitalistic interests he represents.)

Balaguer had run the small country since 1966, when he was installed by the U.S. after thousands of American troops had crushed a revolution. During his tenure, foreign investment grew dramatically, and Balaguer's repressive policies guaranteed the coveted "safe climate for investment." Now that he has been ousted from office, one of his chief partners, Gulf and Western, may not feel quite as safe—not because Guzman is radically anti-multinational, but because he may have to make a token sacrifice of the most notorious foreign enterprise on Dominican soil.

Gulf and Western, the conglomerate which owns Paramount Pictures, the New York Rangers and Knicks, Schrafft Candy, the Miss Universe contest, and a host of other seemingly unrelated subsidiaries, began its investment in the Dominican Republic just after the U.S. invasion when it bought up one-third of the sugar industry. Today, G&W pays its canecutters about $1.60 per ton (perhaps $5 per day). G&W, and the native sugar barons, are widely and publicly accused of various forms of repression against the immigrant Haitian laborers who, like "braceros" in the U.S., have few if any rights. The Dominican People's Movement, a declared enemy of G&W and other multinationals, has charged that Haitians were deported back to their country before being paid some bonuses which were due them at the end of the harvest. The political party says that in the process of picking up the Haitians "the company's agents of repression resorted to all kinds of offenses against the workers and their families, beating many of them and not even allowing them to take their clothes."

FATHER JOSEPH E. MULLIGAN, S.J., *has written on Latin American affairs for* The Nation, Christian Century, NCR *and other journals.*

G&W's 417 square miles in the Dominican republic is considered "a state within a state," which means that the company, in addition to having its own police force, can count on the services of government officials to protect its financial interests. Some of G&W's canecutters reported that the company has given large amounts of land to top military officers, thus cementing its relations with these powerful figures (who would have the last word on any intended nationalization of a foreign corporation). In 1975 this charge was made by the general secretary of the PRD, the largest mass party in the country; he charged that one of the top military chiefs received two thousand tareas of sugar cane from G&W, and that this was of the highest quality.

But the heart of the problem lies in the agricultural policy represented by G&W and promoted by the 1966-1978 regime of Joaquin Balaguer. It is a policy which maximizes profits for the private owners by devoting the bulk of the land to lucrative export crops like sugar, while the population suffers from a lack of national self-sufficiency even in basic foodstuffs like rice and beans. Certainly there is enough good land to feed the people, but within a capitalist system the only relevant factor is profit for the owners.

In 1974 the Lions' Club of Higuey came out against the increase in land devoted to sugar cane, noting that the shortage of food supplies is directly related to the dédication of great amounts of land to sugar. The club noted that the zones which can produce basic foods are totally dedicated to the sugar crop. In that same year, the president of the PRD accused G&W of a vast widening of land areas dedicated to sugar, charging that the company is destroying lands dedicated to food and cattle by changing them over to sugar cane. But as a company bent on profit, G&W has been largely unmoved by such criticism. In 1976 Teobaldo Rosell, top G&W administrator, stated bluntly that the country should continue to intensify the cultivation of cane, since it is this product which sustains the Dominican economy. In a certain sense this is true: dollars earned from exports are used to purchase the industrial and technological goods which the country imports. But what Rosell did not indicate is that these imports satisfy the desires of the upper classes who are addicted to "modern living" but do not reach the vast majority of the population. The system causes the poor, both urban and rural, to starve while land is devoted to the most profitable export crops so that the rich minority can maintain their lifestyle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

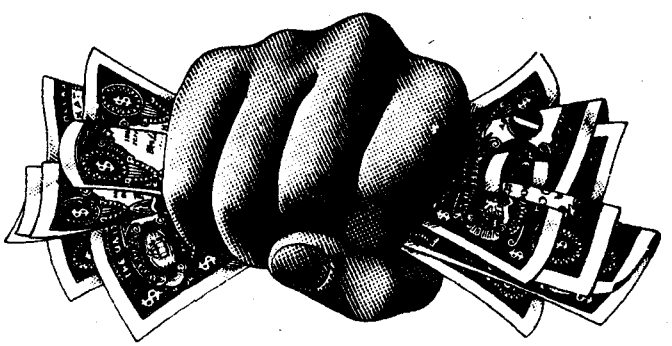
A COLUMNIST in a Dominican daily gave this analysis: "Our peasants produce the bulk of our export products, with which we obtain earnings which allow us to pay for the products we import. However, all the governments which we have had have neglected the peasants." The writer goes on to describe the inadequate educational and transportation facilities in the rural areas, noting that election year brings many promises which then go unfulfilled. Though "agricultural production is the base of the country's wealth," the peasant farmers live in misery. The author calls attention to a large loan from the U.S. (a very common phenomenon) "to obtain from the U.S. food products which our lands produce but which it is necessary to import because the construction of large buildings and avenues seems more useful than the production of food items." The government should give "priority attention to agricultural production to cover the food needs of the whole population and perhaps to export what is left over. It is a shame that the government has to import what we can and should produce."

But G&W continues to put profit ahead of need. In 1976 it was announced that the company is producing more than five tons a day of lemon extract and juice for export. An article printed in one of the large Dominican newspapers in late 1977 characterized the company as "an octopus full of ambition and thirsty for money" which "seeks to create a false image and wants to appear to be a defenseless little angel which only seeks the development of the country."

This charge of "image-building" refers to G&W's relatively recent decision to devote a very small percentage of its land to vegetables which are sold at a bargain rate to its employees. The company has also sold some of its land to workers with long seniority; critics point out, however, that this is nothing more than a business deal for G&W, since the government makes the initial payment for the land, and then "colonos" have to pay the government. It is required that the new owners continue to use the land for cane, and of course G&W is the only buyer in the region.

The company's relations with the "colonos" reached a low point in 1976 when the colonos' association accused G&W of failing to pay them $2.5 million. It seems that G&W sold the sugar from the 1975 harvest at a price of 30 cents a pound but paid the colonos as if it had sold the sugar for much less.

The social effects of the intensification of sugar production were described by one social scientist in this way: Originally the large land holdings which were devoted to cattle raising were owned by absentee landlords who permitted the peasants to occupy small plots of land where they could raise some food crops. In exchange they took care of the cattle and helped in small jobs. But with the expansion of the sugar mill, more land was used for sugar cane, leaving no room for the peasants, who had to be chased off the land. They, in turn, migrated to the cities, looking for jobs which were largely nonexistent.



The result of such a policy is not only that peasants flock into the Dominican cities in desperation but also that large numbers of Dominicans have been forced to move to the U.S. In October, 1977, *Vanguardia* explained the connection: "It is not true that Mexico, the Dominican Republic and other Latin American countries are responsible for the fact that the U.S. has so many 'illegals.' The Dominicans have to leave their country because they do not have work here, and in large part that is due to the under-development of our country which is maintained by the exploitation to which we are subjected by the big American companies. These take for themselves the mineral wealth of our land, as in the case of gold, bauxite, nickel; or, as in the case of Gulf & Western in agriculture. They exploit Haitian workers in order to avoid paying better salaries to Dominicans. In relatively few years the multinationals have taken from our country more than $600 million, an amount which would have given employment to many of those Dominicans who have had to move to the U.S. because there was no work for them here."

OF THE COUNTLESS thousands of peasants who have been forced out of the rural areas, many thousands have settled in or near the city of La Romana, where G&W runs its huge sugar mill. A few thousand of these immigrants have been hired by the various factories operating in the "Free Zone" which is under the direction of G&W and which now has a few factories belonging to G&W subsidiaries. Firms in the Free Zone pay no taxes and no import-export duties to the Dominican government; their production is entirely for export. G&W, seeking to lure industries out of the U.S., advertises the advantages of the Free Zone, noting that most of the workers are women and that the hourly wage is 45 cents. Working 40 hours a week, the women get about $18.00. But according to official government estimates, a family of 6 needs $31.58 a week for food alone. The hourly wage of 45 cents will buy one can of Campbell's soup, or a little more than a quart of milk, or about a half-dozen eggs, or almost two pounds of rice, or about ¾ pound of chicken.

In interviews the women express their resentment over the low wages but say that they had no other alternatives. Many of those with children have to pay $3 a month for the services of a day-care center; they also complain of having to pay 20 cents a day for bus transportation, 50 cents a week for medical coverage, and between 20 and 60 cents a day for lunch in the Free Zone.

In an interview the manager of Delta Brush told this writer that his company moved its operation from Puerto Rico in order to get cheaper labor in the Dominican Republic. And he went on to explain that in five to ten more years it will probably

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

move again, if the cost of labor in the Dominican Republic rises. Thus the multinationals both profit from and contribute to unemployment in their drive for maximum gain.

Attempts to organize G&W's workers were forcefully repressed under the Balaguer regime. Some, like the 787 heavy-machine operators who have a court action demanding hundreds of thousands of dollars in back pay for overtime work, are organized but have faced reprisals when trying to demand their rights. Balaguer's collusion with G&W was widely recognized.

On April 1, 1976, in the Dominican daily *Listin Diario*, it was reported that G&W donated $74,497 in Dominican pesos (approximately equal to dollars) "for new installations and maintenance of the Armed Forces." In an interview in October, 1977, Francisco A. Micheli, Jr., General Director of Public Relations, vigorously denied that there had been any such donation and went on to denounce the critics of G&W as "leftists." Another of G&W's many donations (amounting to a mere fraction of its Dominican profits, of course) will pay for the services of American experts who will launch a study of the Dominican prison system. And another went to a Catholic school in La Romana, where the priest in charge is now a moderate defender of G&W.

While waiting for the public-relations man, this writer became a bit homesick upon noticing a wall placard with words of wisdom allegedly by Abraham Lincoln, expressing that old American mythology of small enterprise which is obviously inapplicable to a giant corporation like G&W with its close relationship with governments. But the ideology is still promoted by the company for public consumption (and perhaps for the philosopical pacification of any workers who may read it—it is in Spanish). Lincoln, as presented by G&W, teaches the following: "You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong; you cannot help the worker by destroying the one who pays the wages; you cannot encourage brotherhood among men by stimulating class hatred; you cannot help the poor by discouraging the rich; you cannot inculcate character and worth by taking from a man his initiative and independence; you cannot help people permanently by doing for them what they can and should do for themselves." If such old-fashioned rugged individualism can continue to be sold in the Dominican Republic, or force-fed if necessary, then the future will be secure for the strong, upper-class, rich sugar management. But if the present regime can at least provide some breathing space for the further awakening and better organization of the people, then the writing on the wall may spell something other than the comforting ideology which G&W displays to visitors.

SHE COULD ALWAYS RELY ON HER FATHER

The trial of Elaine Harrington

THOMAS J. COTTLE

ELAINE HARRINGTON, sixteen years old, is a very thin young woman with a look of defiance in her eyes. Whenever one talks with her, one hears the same message: her desire for revenge. For many years, there was only one person in her life that she believed was on her side. That was her father, fifty-five-year-old Edward Harrington, a man who had worked for fifteen years in a coal processing plant but now was unemployed. No matter what Elaine's difficulties she could always rely on her father. It might be a quiet chat with a policeman, or testifying before a judge on the two occasions when Elaine was taken to court. But whatever he said, it worked. She might get a whipping from her father after the ordeal was over, but that was preferable to going to jail. Besides, her father was a fair man; whatever he did was right.

Gloria Harrington, Elaine's mother, had never been a happy person. Tall, attractive, a person interested in her appearance, and taciturn, she always looked as if she were about to weep. When she laughed, she seemed self-conscious, as if she felt she were sinning. As she herself remarked:

"No one approaching fifty who never had and never will have enough money and whose husband hasn't worked in years can laugh anymore. I've had my days. But there's no more laughing going on in this home. I feel foolish laughing, like my entire body is being asked to deny everything going on around me. I can't escape with television, we don't go to the movies anymore, and nobody escapes nothin' by sitting down with the newspapers. And then there's *her*, my daughter, who feels the greatest thrill in life is to break into somebody's car. How's *that* for excitement! Goes to school, reads her books, does her mathematics, tries to help me a little around the house, and then, when she hasn't anything better to do she goes with her friends and they find cars that aren't locked, or when they're locked, they take that as a challenge to break in. You want to know what it is? In one word: They're *nuts* with a capital N!"

THOMAS J. COTTLE *is a Fellow in the Afro-American Center of Wesleyan University and Lecturer on Psychology at the Harvard Medical School. He is the author of* Barred from School *and* Busing *(Beacon Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gloria Harrington was pregnant with her first child when she was sixteen. On learning of the pregnancy, her parents disowned her. She suspected that Edward Harrington, the child's father, would also abandon her. Instead, Edward promised to marry her and made arrangements for her to live with his Aunt Mary who had recently lost her husband. When the baby Anne-Marie was born, Mary offered to care for it so that Gloria could return to school. But Gloria rejected the offer, and rarely let the baby out of her sight. In time there were six more pregnancies, four of the children surviving. It was later discovered that Gloria had a rare blood cell anomaly which affected her pregnancies.

It was said of Edward Harrington that he had women on the side. Surely he was a handsome enough man with a winning smile. Gloria thought she knew about the other women, but she could never prove anything. Yet deep down she felt she had no right to complain. Edward easily could have refused to marry her when she first became pregnant. Most of the boys she knew in school who became fathers never even bothered to see their children. But Edward was different. He felt an obligation to Gloria, and when he was working he made a worthy husband and a helpful father. When he lost his jobs, he became scared and irritable. He moped around the house, and Gloria realized it was only a matter of days before he would disappear on one of his binges, as she called them.

In the beginning it was true that Edward would go off somewhere and drink. He might pull himself together long enough to hunt for work, but after hours in employment offices or waiting outside factories he would return to his favorite haunts and drink himself into unconsciousness. Still, he always returned. After several days he would suddenly be home, freshly shaved, sober, begging his wife for forgiveness. And she always granted it.

That the children became implicated in the pattern didn't make it easier for anybody. Edward Junior seemed to be the most upset by his father's displays and periodic separations. Angry, he would go to the room he shared with his brother Peter and start breaking things or pulling pages out of comic books and ripping the sheets off his bed. Gloria tried to be sympathetic but it grew increasingly difficult to be civil with him. She would scream at him that he was acting like a maniac, which would send him into an even greater rage and he would run out of the house screaming. Elaine too was angered and humiliated by her father's actions. Gloria could see that by the look in Elaine's eyes, a look that was becoming more pronounced than ever before.

"I saw Elaine in those instants," Gloria would say years later, "and I saw all my life too. All her hurt when my husband wasn't around, not that it is better when he's here. The children need him, I suppose, but not when he gets in one of his moods. The devil is the unemployment. It takes his pride away, his feeling of being useful to anybody, to us. The children know all about it. They probably understood it in their way when they were small. The Harrington pattern I call it. Anyone could see what was going on with us. Edward has a job, the family barely holds together. He loses a job, falls apart, Elaine gets that look in her eyes, it makes me so frightened I don't know what to do."

ELAINE HARRINGTON never believed her mother cared for her. Occasionally she offered excuses for her mother's behavior, but she always believed she had been an unwanted child, perhaps the child who was conceived to prevent a marriage from disintegrating. She always said her mother preferred the baby Anne-Marie and the boys, and that she and Susan were seen as misfits. Consciously, purposefully even, Elaine found ways to irritate her mother. She would stay out beyond her bedtime knowing full well that Gloria would be furious. Or she would promise to do something for her mother and then forget it. Elaine drew no pleasure from this sort of behavior but it seemed as if she were driven to act this way.

There were times, especially when her father was working, when she enjoyed pleasing her mother. Once, for example, she bought a small bouquet of jonquils and left them on the dinner table. When Gloria noticed them she was overjoyed and embraced her daughter. That night the Harringtons went to the Ice Cream Bar and bought double cones, and enjoyed themselves as a family. Elaine was especially pleased. Not only had her mother showed such a spontaneous response to the flowers, but without being told, she knew the flowers had come from Elaine.

Three months after the family celebration, Elaine Harrington was arrested for car theft. It was the fourth time she had been taken to court. Each time Elaine and her parents appeared in court, then followed the judge into private chambers where probation was arranged. Seven o'clock curfews were imposed along with weekly visits with a probation officer. But always she returned to her old ways, coming home later and later.

In her fourth appearance in court, Elaine was charged with car theft. She had been found by the police in the driver's seat of a station wagon owned by a suburban lawyer. This time there was no probation. Two weeks after the trial, sitting in the visitors' room of a women's prison, she described her feelings, knowing that soon she would be sentenced.

"I wasn't warned or nothing. I knew my father would be able to do something like he always did in the past. He's a funny guy, my father. If he'd had any money when he was my age he'd have been a lawyer for sure. He's fantastic in there, defending me. The court gives you a lawyer, but I don't know, I suppose they do the best they can, but they don't really care that much what happens to you. They get paid no matter what the judge decides. But afterwards, my father always argues for me and he really influences them.

" 'Course this time he was really surprised by what I done. I guess I was too. We were drinking a little bit and I guess we didn't exactly know what we were doing. We were just walking, Sheila and me, and we saw this car with the windows wide open and the keys in it. Just sitting there. It was like the guy *wanted* us to steal his car or something. If you really wanted to steal a car, you wouldn't do what Sheila and me done. You wouldn't be sitting in front of a hamburger joint smoking cigarettes like you were inviting the police to arrest you.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

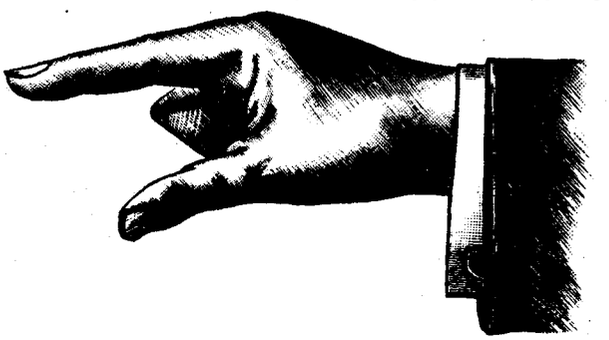
"I counted on my father to get me off. I admit that. Maybe I even stole the car to get him to give me a little look, take care of me, you know. Families like mine, there's never enough time for people to take care of anybody. In some families, when a kid gets sick, maybe his mother will stay with him at home. But nobody ever knew what was going on with us. My mother's always sitting somewhere complaining about this or that or fighting with my brothers and sisters, and my father's gone more than he's around, even when he doesn't have a job. The only time I see him is in a court room or in the judge's chambers. That's the only time he's nice to me which is kind of strange too, isn't it? I got the judge trying to do the best he can and my father showing the world how much he cares for me. Really weird. Sometimes, you know, I think I'd like him to punish me. The way it works now, it's almost like when I need a little loving from someone I go rip off a car or something.

"No matter what else I do, nobody ever notices me. They don't notice when I flunk a course, they don't notice when I pass a course. They don't care if I'm in school or cutting. I could disappear for a month and they'd say, 'Oh, hello, stranger. We ain't seen you 'round here for along time. You been going to school?' 'Yeah ma, I've been in Brazil, but I went to school every day even though.' It's my father. He's the one everybody cares about. The whole family goes crazy when he's not around, not that we do so well when he *is* around.

"I always tell people it isn't fair what the cops or the courts try to do to me. But I don't know even what I mean. What isn't fair is the way my father treats me, and my mother, and everybody. It's like I had to do something to call him from wherever he was. Like, he'd go off somewhere trying to kill himself 'cause he lost a job. We'd always ask my mother, 'Where is he? *You* got to know.' She'd say she didn't know but why'd we need him anyhow? Who the hell was she kidding? The whole house was falling apart without him and she's asking, why do we need him? For *you* mother. That's why *we* need him. But she never knew from nothing. She didn't know where to find him which was the world's biggest lie because she did. You know how we knew that? Because if any one of us ever got into trouble, he'd pop right back into the picture. Magic, eh? Birdie told him. She knew. 'Cause when I got into trouble, magic, there he was, sober, dressed up in his brown suit, I always called it his court suit, all shaved and everything. Didn't look bad neither for a guy who hadn't worked in over a year. She goes mad when he's not there but I'm not so sure she doesn't like it better that way. But she knows where he goes. You want to know where? He goes to Lorilee Marino's house. 321 Shields Avenue; I've seen him go there. I've seen him with her lots of times. "One night, you know, I was with some people, and we went to this bar called Turpin's which is somewhere on the West side near Shields. We go in and it's dark in there. They got some music. I've never been in the place before, but all of a sudden my friend Trish goes, 'Isn't that your father over there?' I goes, 'Where?' She goes, 'Over there, in the corner, in that booth with the chick.' So I goes, 'No, that ain't my old man, you idiot. I don't know where my old man is but he ain't in here.' It didn't look like him neither. But then I look again and it *is* him, and he *is* with this chick, this Lorilee Marino. So Trish's looking at me, and I'm looking at my father, and he's not only kissing the chick, I mean he's tonguing her to where I'm amazed she ain't gagging all over him. I mean they're practically doing it right there in the booth.

"So Trish goes, 'It *is* your father, ain't it?' 'No way. Guy don't even look like him or nothing,' She knows I'm lying, but she keeps quiet 'cause she seen how I'm angry, and how I'm practically crying. She never had anything like that happen in her life, but she could tell how it was bothering me. I'm lucky I didn't go out of that place looking for somebody to kill. It was like somebody took my heart away.

"You know why I got myself into trouble? To pull *him* away from that woman. I never knew if he knew I knew about him. I think he knew when I got into trouble that I was pulling him back to me, and my mother. Then he'd have to fight for me because what I did, like climb into some guy's car, wasn't half as bad as what he was doing. The rich man who owned that car, he had insurance. But nobody's got family insurance, where you collect money if somebody messes up your family, 'specially if it's one of your parents. He *had* to do good for me all those times, although he sure fell on his face this last time.



"That pig, what'd he do for me when I needed it most? All those other times he could do it, so what's he do the second they want to send me to jail. He cops out like you can't believe. Big shot with all his friends on the police force. That's what he told me. 'I got friends.' Man don't have a friend in the whole world. He'd say anything to get you to like him. His precious little daughter, what does he care if they take her to jail. Ain't no time out of *his* life!

"I counted on him too. I believed him when he said he'd help. That lawyer they assigned to me, he couldn't save a fly. Second I looked at him I knew he couldn't do nothing. But I had my daddy. Good old reliable daddy's going to pull me out of this, I said. See if he don't. Well he *don't*! They ought to stick him in here and see how he likes it. He'd smell this air, he'd see what a great thing he done for me."

Then suddenly Elaine Harrington's eyes no longer were filled with defiance, but with penitence, and she was crying. She buried her face in her hands and shook her head from side to side, her long black curls seeming to dance.

"Look what's happened. This miserable goddamn place has turned me away from my father. I *do* love him. I *do* love him. This place makes me say what I said. It's not *me* saying it. Honest it isn't. I *do* love him. I *do* love him."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stage

NEAT & LOOSE

LIFE IN STAGES—ON STAGES

THE WEEK that I finally got around to seeing Ernest Thompson's *On Golden Pond*, the *New York Times Book Review* ran a front-page notice of V.S. Pritchett's *The Myth Makers* in which John Gross ended his warm appreciation with the critical equivalent of "Gee whiz, no one would know the old man was pushing eighty." The same week I saw *Sextette* in which Mae West, in her mid-eighties, pretended to be the broth of a girl she was when she came to Hollywood at thirty-nine. Although Gross's remark lacked both the flamboyance and the unintended pathos of Mae West's performance, it parodied old age as she did vigorous sexuality. Few of us have the equipment, the opportunity or the nerve to grow old with Mae West's lack of grace, but most of us are capable of Gross's accidental condescension. I know I am. I hear myself describing people I love or admire, who are vigorous, alert, active at eighty or ninety, with the chirpy enthusiasm parents bring to baby's first tooth, baby's first step. Although physical decay and forgetfulness are the hazards of the aging process, the awestruck celebration of the octogenarian who can still move, still think, is the loving equivalent of the cheerfully shouted first person plural with which nursing-home attendants let the residents know that they are both deaf and drained of individuality.

The best thing about *On Golden Pond*—as with *The Gin Game* last season—is that it ventilates this fatuous automatic response to age and tries, working within the stereotypes of popular comedy, to suggest some of the complexities of aging. Set in a summer house in Maine, Thompson's play presents the Thayers—Norman who turns eighty in the course of the play, Ethel who is ten years younger—and implies the social and natural world of Golden Pond, a double presentation in which decay, change and continuity suggest that the effects of time are inevitable, frightening, even comforting on occasion. Norman is—or pretends to be—an irascible man, but his wicked, wounding wit and his talent for deflecting direct confrontation are his way of facing, or refusing to face, the pain of his diminishing powers. His jokes about death and debilitation, which Ethel says he has been making since she first knew him, cover his deep terror at an increasingly faulty memory, just as his game with the want ads underlines his sense of life's having no further use for him.

One result of Norman's verbal facility and Ethel's need to hold her own by elevating straight woman to comic participant is that the play—again like *The Gin Game*—becomes primarily a vehicle for the performers. Since Norman gets the bulk of the good lines—funny remarks that are sometimes nasty in their implications (WASP defenses in an ethnic world, intellectual defenses in an unschooled world)—the sly old man, calculating the effects of his words, walks the edge of caricature, and Tom Aldredge, going for all of Norman's jokes, occasionally loses his balance, slips into *Shtik*. Ethel is a less interesting character, the protective one in the couple, a wife-mother-lover figure whose eccentricities (talking to the loons, battling the spiders) seem more decoration than definition; oddly this shell of a character gives Frances Sternhagen room to expand, to find the woman in the busy work. Thompson is not content to provide two talented performers with a platform, to entertain an audience and to remind it, through recognition jokes, that age not so much withers as exaggerates individuality. He insists on imposing shape on what might best remain a simple theatrical image and he does so by falling back on the curative powers of conventional plot.

The Thayers have a daughter Chelsea, a woman in her forties with a failed marriage and a series of unsuccessful love affairs to her credit. Uncomfortable with her father, who seems always to have expected her to be the son he did not have, she has pulled away from her parents, visiting them infrequently, bringing anger and guilt when she comes. This time, however, she also brings her new boyfriend and his

SUNDAY MASS READINGS IN BRAILLE, LARGE TYPE OFFERED FREE BY XSB

NEW YORK — The Large Print and Braille transcriptions of the Sunday Mass readings for Cycle A (beginning with the First Sunday of Advent) are available free of charge for the blind and partially sighted from the Xavier Society. These changeable readings, called the PROPERS, are transcribed from the text of the NEW AMERICAN BIBLE. Full permission for these transcriptions has been granted the Xavier Society for the Blind by the International Commission on English in the Liturgy.

The Sunday Propers as prepared by the Society are designed as a convenient companion to the book of the Ordinary, or unchangeable parts, of the Mass which is also available from the Society's headquarters, in either form, Braille or Large Print.

It has been very gratifying to hear that as a by-product of having these Propers some visually impaired people are now taking an active leadership part as lectors during the Sunday Masses in their parish.

In making these Mass Propers available the Society relies on the assistance of sighted persons to bring information on this and its other free services to the attention of any partially sighted or totally blind person who can use the Braille or Large Print assistance.

In addition to these liturgical prayers Xavier publishes a Manual of Prayers, a Braille calendar, and many other devotional materials in both forms, Braille and Large Print. All materials are mailed free of postal charges throughout the United States and Canada.

For further information regarding any of the Society's free Braille, Large Print or Tape services simply write to:

XAVIER SOCIETY
FOR THE BLIND
154 East 23rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirteen-year-old son. Anyone who grew up on Shirley Temple movies knows from the moment the boy sets foot on stage that this will be another case of the curmudgeon tamed. And so it is. In the context, however, it is more than that, since—stage cliché or not—an aging person, disoriented by the loss of old duties, old chores, can find new strength when unexpected demands are made on him. So Norman teaches Billy to fish, converts him to literature (with *Swiss Family Robinson*), drills him in French, and learns teen-age slang in return. This last, clearly an easy comic device, is probably also intended by Thompson to indicate the connection between generations not apparent with Norman and his daughter. The playwright solves that problem too, lets a few sentences bridge the gulf of years, and before the play ends the sense of family is reawakened. In an unlikely final scene in which Norman temporarily collapses, the play insists on the lurking presence of death, but it is no longer a threat since the reaffirmation has comforted the audience with the primacy of life. Comforted the audience—there lies my misgivings about *On Golden Pond*. I went away from the theater with a sense of having been amused and even instructed a little, but with no feeling that the playwright had done more than suggest depths of character without penetrating them.

I might have assumed that Thompson's staying on the surface of his characters was largely a function of his desire for a sad-happy ending had I not wandered into the final preview of Michael Weller's *Loose Ends* earlier that day. After the performance, Weller came out to talk to anyone in the matinee audience who wanted to stay. To those who wondered why the play could not end with the reconciliation of the play's central couple (they could make a go of it, one man insisted, if they would work at it), Weller said that he had no solutions, that plays *should* have no solutions, that his own was "the description of a dilemma." In eight brief scenes we follow Paul and Susan from an idyllic romp on a Bali beach in 1970 to a final farewell in a New Hampshire cabin in 1979, from a principled indifference to conventional success and its material rewards to an accumulation of both. Asked if these characters were his moonchildren grown up, Weller at first denied (no playwright wants to wear forever the label of his first success) and then admitted the connection. His generation, he said, was one to whom things come easy, who had no need to scramble for necessities, but who found their lives no easier for the absence of struggle. Although the remark suggests the narrowness of Weller's acquaintance, it does propose a real subject. The difficulty is that Paul and Susan and all their friends and relations never get beyond stereotype, and—for me, at least—they are less amusing, less interesting types than Norman and Ethel in *On Golden Pond*. To a question about why he chose to do the play in fragmentary scenes over a decade, Weller said that he saw it as "eight photographs come to life." It is an appropriate image for his play since Susan is a photographer, Paul a film director and projections are used to bridge between scenes. The problem with photographs—except at the hands of the best artists—is that they are reductive; they catch their subjects in mid-gesture and expect the viewer to fill in the emotional, intellectual, spiritual background to make sense of the moment. Despite exposition, proclamation, discussion and argument, Weller's scenes remain gesture. His loose ends, it turns out, are no more conducive to theatrical truth than Thompson's neatly tied package, and the latter at least has the virtue of making me refuse to be surprised that V. S. Pritchett, at eighty, can write a strong sentence.

GERALD WEALES

Screen

ANNOTATING ALTMAN

SEND IN THE CLONES

SUCCESS came to Robert Altman rather late in life. After first trying to establish himself in Hollywood in 1945, he spent two decades wandering in the wilderness of industrial documentaries and TV assignments before he was able to return to Hollywood. Since then, his career has been a constant flurry of activity, as if he were trying to make up for lost time—to insure that, despite his late start, he will have a filmography as long as Hollywood greats like Ford and Hawks. He makes films so quickly that there is sometimes only a few months between their releases, and announcements of new projects pour from the offices of his company, Lion's Gate Productions. There is only so much that one person can do, however. There are only so many films Altman could make in one lifetime with that distinctive Altman stamp on them. To get around this limitation which even the most ambitious artist usually has to accept, Altman now seems to be going in for cloning.

Two Altman protégés, assistant director Alan Rudolf and scriptwriter Joan Tewkesbury, have recently made movies that are not only too much like Altman's work, but almost exactly the same. It's uncanny. In Rudolf's *Remember My Name*, a woman named Emily (Geraldine Chaplin) arrives in southern California and begins harassing a journeyman carpenter, Neal (Tony Perkins), and his wife (Berry Berenson). Emily makes anonymous phone calls, follows Neal to his job at a housing development, sneaks into his yard and destroys the flowerbeds so his wife will find them. Gradually, Emily's harassment of Neal and his wife turns into terrorism. She shatters their windows in the middle of the night, and sneaks into their house in order to stalk from room to room just out of sight of the unsuspecting wife. When she at last reveals herself, we figure out from her confrontations with Neal that he was married to her back East and was responsible for her spending a term in prison. Against his will she overcomes his suspicion and dismay at her re-appearance. She seduces him away from his new wife, and then abandons him as soon as his marriage is ruined.

Tewkesbury's *Old Boyfriends* also begins with an anonymous phone call, and then proceeds to revenge by seduction and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

betrayal. Diane (Talia Shire) is obsessed like Emily. One by one, she looks up old boyfriends (Richard Jordan, John Belushi and Keith Carradine) who don't even remember her, and makes them pay for having trifled with her affections in the past. Like Rudolf's film, Tewkesbury's is done in that recognizable Altman style. The story unfolds in an intentionally obscure, fragmentary way and without exposition. *Old Boyfriends* begins with a car crash on a freeway where someone seems to drive into a wall on purpose. Next comes the anonymous call, during which a rock and roll song is played into the phone. After that the plot begins as Diane drives to a rendezvous with her first old boyfriend. What these events have to do with each other we don't learn until much later, just as we have, in Rudolf's film, no idea why Emily does the things she does. Altman's own films are like being plunked down in the middle of a madhouse and then having to grope your way through the plot to the exit. Suspense and expectation are created in the film not by the plot itself, but by the skewed way in which it is presented. This same, antic quality is so strong in Rudolf's and Tewkesbury's films that they become Altman films too.

Even Shire and Chaplin are rather similar in appearance and in screen personality. The skull of each actress seems almost visible beneath her face, as if the face she showed to the world couldn't quite conceal what she was feeling inside. In the tautness of the skin across the bridge of the nose, the inner tension of the woman is betrayed. In the appearance of each actress we see that the woman she plays is crazed. This is not to say, though, that Shire and Chaplin look *exactly* alike, or that *Old Boyfriends* and *Remember My Name* are the exact same film. Shire's face is less gaunt and demented than Chaplin's, and she has played more purely vulnerable, helpless, sympathetic women. In Tewkesbury's film she remains true to this pattern. There is in Diane's actions nothing of the desperate criminality that Emily's have. Having spent a term in prison, Emily is a pretty bristly character, someone who knows how to brawl with another woman or, if need be, stab a man with a pencil to protect herself. Diane lashes out at the world only with her emotions. Her revenge on men has a more comic, bittersweet quality; and in the end she can be reconciled with one of them where Emily, we knew from the beginning, never could.

As intriguing as the similarities between these two films are, it is finally the differences which are more instructive. Tewkesbury's is, I feel, the lesser film, but it is also the less derivative of the two. She softens Altman's influence on her by eliminating the sort of zany byplay found in his films. She puts her characters in a more hospitable world than Altman does, one where it is possible to react to them without all the vitriol that he has. (In this regard she also distinguishes herself from Paul Schrader, who wrote *Old Boyfriends*' script in collaboration with his brother Leonard. Schrader's past scripts have shown even less compassion for their characters than Altman's, though without the sense of humor.)

The maniacal touches so typical of Altman find their way only into Rudolf's film. A crazy old woman who turns up every day at the discount store where Emily works, an old man delivering a drunken monologue outside her apartment building, a recurrent TV news story about a Budapest earthquake—it is in these details on the fringes of the action and in the background that we feel Altman's presence most keenly. The only significance this fact seems to have, though, is its suggestion that Tewkesbury's scripts are not where Altman's films have acquired such characteristic touches. The prize nuttiness in his films really is something inherent in his own direction—something improvised in the making and editing of the films. If you know Altman's work, you can't help seeing Tewkesbury's and Rudolf's films as being animated by it. This leaves their work as little more than a footnote to his career.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Lewis Turco

Bell Weather

Trees file along curbs. Shrub-faces,
lilac ears listen to dusk
coming over the lawns.

Indoors, dust weaves its motes among
coleus and pepper plants.
Spring slides under the door,

and the phone rings once, its bell hung
in the heart of dim weather.
Gray walks from its mousehole

across the rug. Soon a river
of stars will spill overhead
breach dawn, noon, dusk and fall

into a field of goldenrod
near the blue spruce whose needles
knit and ravel darkness.

Mary Oliver

The Well

The creek that all spring is a fat roil
sinks in exhaustion by midsummer
to a channel of gray stones; moisture
trickles at best. Still
water leaps from the faucets, so we know
the shaft of the well
is down in the country of everwetness;
we drink from stone pools so long in the earth
they remember neither sun or snow
nor the white clouds—they know only
darkness and pressure. Each glassful is cold
as ice, and flashes like diamonds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books: MISDIAGNOSING THE CITY DISEASE

THE DECLINE of the great cities of the Northeast and industrial Middle West is one of the most shocking events of the second half of the century. A visit to that legendary ruin, the South Bronx, is likely to make one meditate upon the decadence of a civilization which could permit such peacetime devastation. To ask, why did it happen, is not to pose an academic question. It is to take up an issue with profound implications for the present and the future. What occured in New York—and Detroit and St. Louis—may well take place in Los Angeles and Houston unless we understand, and master, those first urban catastrophes.

Ken Auletta's *The Streets Were Paved with Gold* is a fundamentally wrong, uneven, irritating and often useful contribution to this discussion. It raises the right problems, even if it provides the wrong answers to them; it offers some excellent reportage which is then encased in free-floating theories. If used carefully, as a starting point, it can help us deal with the urban crisis; if it is accepted uncritically, it confuses the issue and thereby perpetuates the disaster it sadly chronicles.

Auletta focuses on New York which is not, as he himself insists, a typical American city. Therefore it would be wrong to apply his facts and analyses to the other deteriorating urban centers, or at least one has to do so carefully, with an appreciation of the differences. And yet *The Streets Were Paved with Gold* does develop a broad theory about the New York crisis which applies to the nation as a whole and is stated in general terms. It is one more variant of the neoconservatism which is so ubiquitous these days, but a most interesting variant since it is contained within a lengthy (too lengthy) account of a very specific case.

How does the crisis come about? "Government spending grows. Conservatives like Nixon and Ford didn't stop it, and liberals don't try. As spending rises so do expectations. Parents demand tuition tax credits. Teachers demand more school aid. Farmers demand guaranteed prices. Cities demand more programs. . . . Government becomes a giant commissary where free lunch is served." And a little later: "Gimme. Gimme. Why not? Everybody in America's doing it. The rich usually don't pay their fair share of taxes. Legislators get rich off lucrative law practices. Politicians buy votes with public money. College students don't repay their National Student Loans." So "the tension between our social goals of equality and our economic system's ability to pay the bill pulls government in opposite directions. To further social justice, New York City undertook tax, spending and borrowing policies which undermined its economy. The requirements of social democracy and greater equality clashed with the requirements of a free market (capitalism) and the liberty of people to move."

THE STREETS WERE PAVED WITH GOLD

Ken Auletta

Random House, $12.95, 352 pp.

Michael Harrington

Let me suggest another theory, one which I obviously think is much more accurate. There was mismanagement in New York City, no doubt about it. Budgets were put together with mirrors, e.g., educational monies were paid from the capital budget on the grounds that schooling is an investment in human "capital." But, as will be seen, even if such practices had never taken place, New York would still have faced a crisis. That city—and most of the urban centers of the Northeast and industrial Middle West—was a victim of massive economic trends shaped and subsidized by federal policy. Taxpayers moved to a suburbia which simply would not have existed were it not for Washington's creation of a publicly supported and managed mortgage market. Corporations received handsome tax breaks when they moved to the Sun Belt or out of the country altogether. In a decade over half a million jobs disappeared.

Indeed, Auletta provides us with a perfect illustration of the perversity of public policy. Quoting Robert Caro's *Power Broker*, he tells how Robert Moses invested $1.2 billion in a new deck on the George Washington Bridge in the Fifties. That sum, Auletta notes, would have sufficed to completely modernize the New York City subway system *and* the Long Island Railroad. Instead, there was that huge allocation which, not so incidentally, helped to increase the choking congestion of a city tormented by the automobile.

In fairness, Auletta does recognize at least part of the case I have just stated. "Yes," he writes, "the city was, to some extent, the victim of federal policies, of historical and migratory patterns beyond its control, of local and state decisions whose origins are political, not ideological." But that admission is perfunctory and it is clear where Auletta's passionate conviction is: that "New York City is the left's Vietnam. Their traditional weapons—more money, more programs, more taxes, more borrowing—didn't work here; just as more troops, more bombs, more interdiction, more pacification programs didn't work there. As that miserable war should have instructed military adventurists on the limits of American power, New York's fiscal war, unavoidably, teaches the limits of government intervention."

Auletta's indictment suffers from imprecision in at least two critical areas. First, it is exceedingly diffuse. Defaults on student loans and the anti-social subsidies to corporations are subsumed under the same category. It is, of course, true that everyone in this society is, willy nilly, touched by its preventive and principled venality. But the tax, and other, handouts received by the oil multinationals made the nation unnecessarily dependent upon Middle Eastern energy, provided the political pressure for the creation of a gigantic, polluting infrastructure

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the private car. That is somewhat more consequential than the impact of student loan defaults.

Second, Auletta generalizes about the inherent limits of government intervention when he is really talking about the special case of what happens when that intervention is subordinated to corporate priorities. Spending $1.2 billion on the second deck of the George Washington Bridge is government intervention; so is spending the very same sum on mass transit; but to challenge the latter because the former failed is obviously wrong. Moreover, even though Robert Moses was an extraordinary personality and the New York crisis owes something to the impact of his imperious individuality, he was only capable of making those enormous misallocations because they coincided with the economic interest of the dominant powers in the society. To ascribe his actions to whim is like accounting for Stalinism in terms of the "cult of the personality."

Indeed, Auletta's book itself provides us with the possibility of checking out his central assertion. He holds that federal policies contributed to the New York crisis but he obviously thinks that the "ideologically self-inflicted" wounds are more important. Hence the line about "the left's Vietnam." At the same time, he praises Newark and its mayor, Ken Gibson, for their balanced budget. "Newark," Auletta writes, "doesn't have free tuition or open enrollment [like New York before the crisis], extensive housing subsidies, or seven municipal hospitals." Newark is poor, miserable, with a declining job and tax base *and* a balanced budget; New York suffers many of the same indignities *without* a balanced budget. Which suggests that the cause of the crisis is not the balancing, or unbalancing, of the budget but the massive economic trends, reinforced by federal policies, which maximized corporate profit at enormous social and human expense. Similarly, Newark did not engage in any of the social innovation Auletta deplores in New York—e.g., open admissions at a free university—yet it suffered the same fate as its allegedly too liberal neighbor.

But then there is an ironic footnote to the case of Newark which demonstrates the opposite of Auletta's point. As the London *Economist* pointed out in April, Newark has received over $500 million in federal grants over the last eight years, as well as large state subsidies (including 76 percent of the cost of the school system). Newark, the *Economist* quoted an observer as saying, got money "from every federal program in existence, except those aimed at feeding cattle." Despite the prevailing view that money can't solve urban problems, "the *Economist* concluded, "the stabilization of Newark is largely the result of large transfusions of state and local aid." In

OCT. 2-5
Your Furlough: Time Off to Tool Up. Ted Ward, Institute for International Studies, Michigan State University.

OCT. 16-19
Latin America Realities for Mission Today. W. Dayton Roberts, Vice-President, Latin America Mission, San José, Costa Rica.

OCT. 30-NOV. 2
Roman Catholics and Protestant Evangelicals in Mission: Bridges to Understanding. Thomas F. Stransky, C.S.P., Washington Theological Union.

NOV. 6-9
Mission Patterns or Mission Perceptions in the Book of Acts? Paul S. Rees, Editor-at-Large, WORLD VISION Magazine.

NOV. 13-16
Religious Experience: Implications for Personal Growth, Community, and Mission. Thomas E. Clarke, S.J., Woodstock Theological Center; and Sister Francine Zeller, O.S.F., Center for Religious Development.

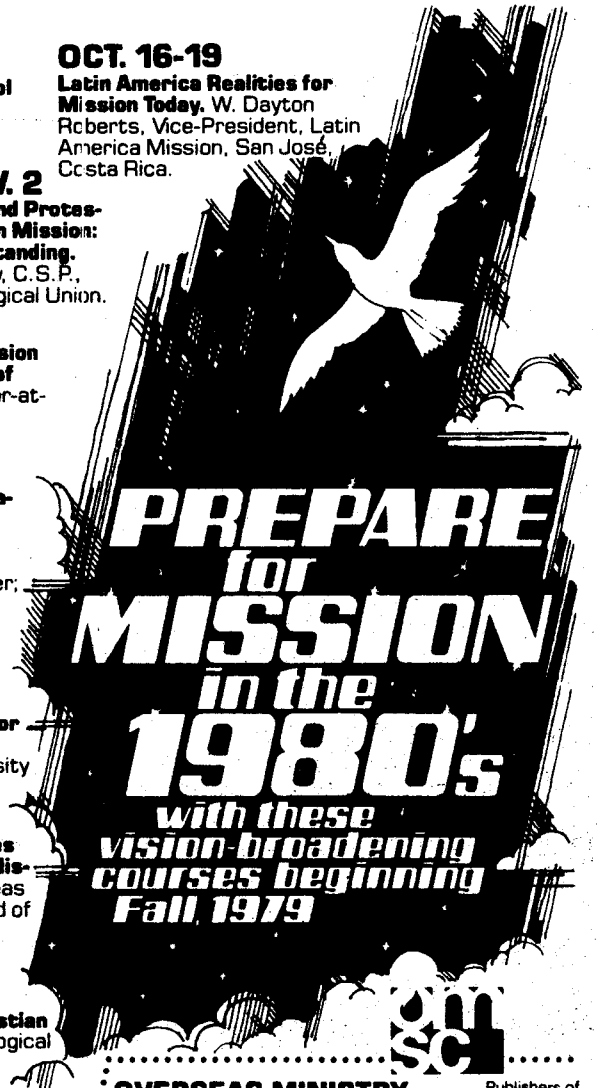
NOV. 26-30
Charismatic Renewal in the Third World: Some Lessons for Mission. Walter Hollenweger, Professor of Mission, University of Birmingham, England.

DEC. 4-7
Toward Creative Structures and Strategies for World Mission. Wilbert Shenk, Overseas Secretary, Mennonite Board of Missions.

JAN. 7-11 and JAN. 14-18
Global Perspectives on Christian Witness. Seminars for theological students, co-sponsored by seminaries. Each week is a separate unit, but together they give a comprehensive survey of the contemporary world mission. Academic credit may be arranged.

JAN. 21-25
New Religious Movements as Challenge to the Churches. Johannes Aagaard, Aarhus University, Denmark; President of International Association for Mission Studies.

FEB. 12-15
Missionary Preaching: The Gospel in Context. Samuel Kamaleson, Vice-President-at-Large, World Vision International.



OVERSEAS MINISTRY STUDY CENTER
Ventnor, NJ 08406
Publishers of *The Occasional Bulletin of Missionary Research*
Gerald H. Anderson, Director, Norman A. Horner, Assoc. Director

In a setting that invites reflection and renewal, we offer highly relevant courses of study for cross-cultural and international ministries, and accommodations with a family atmosphere.

REGISTRATION: $25 per course, with room and meals additional.

☐ Send application and more information CW

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

COUNTRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

short, Auletta reminds us of an important case which disproves Auletta.

All this leads me to a self-interested point. In July, 1975, the *New York Times* asked me (and a number of other policy analysts) about the New York City crisis. I replied that it could be resolved by the passage and implementation of three laws: the federalization of welfare, national health and the passage of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill (which at that time mandated reducing unemployment to 3 percent within 18 months of passage of the law). Auletta says that shows that I, like the rest of the left, believe that "*whether* money is spent becomes more important than *how* it is spent." Since two of my three proposals are quite specific, I fail to see how this applies. But more importantly, if one would, in 1979 (or at any time between 1975 and 1979) deduct the outlays for welfare and health in the New York City budget and add in the revenues which full employment would bring on the basis of that 3 percent definition, the fiscal crisis would indeed be over.

Another important part of Auletta's book—and of the national mythology about the New York City situation—is the attack on irresponsible trade unionists. At one point, the indictment becomes extreme: "What happens when ordinary workers become a privileged class—what Milovan Djilas calls the 'new class'?" I leave aside the fact that the Djilas reference is totally inappropriate (his new class was the Stalinist bureaucracy and I assume that Auletta does not really intend such an analogy). Let me look at this "privileged" class in the light of Auletta's own data.

In showing how the deceitful unions bilked the public, Auletta gives us the case of a municipal accountant. Even though the city's unions agreed to be moderate, Auletta charges, the accountant got various raises adding up to a 14 percent increase between July 1975 and June 1978. Auletta then adds, but does not comment upon, the fact that during the same period the cost of living went up 17.1 percent. In short, that greedy accountant saw a 3.1 percent decrease in real purchasing power—and a patrolman 1st grade a 4.5 percent drop. These percentages, not so incidentally, understate the assault on public employee living standards since they omit (by taking 1975 as a base year) the devastating impact of 12.2 percent inflation in 1974. All of this becomes painfully obvious when one looks at the annual income of that accountant after he or she has supposedly ripped off the people: $13,413. That is well *below* the median income for American families and it is far below a modest but adequate budget for a four-person family in New York City as defined by the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Let me not overstate my case. It is true that a minority of New York City workers—particularly the police and firemen—did get some generous benefits *by the current standards of American society*. Two points are important here. Those gains did not convert the recipients into a "privileged class" but only placed them a few thousand dollars above median income instead of a few thousand dollars below it as was the case with Auletta's accountant. Secondly, and more significantly to me, *those standards are wrong*. It can be demonstrated that 95 percent of the activity of the New York Stock Exchange is without economic value, i.e. stockbrokers are croupiers at a game played with used certificates having nothing to do with current investment or productivity. Yet those brokers are sometimes paid four times the income of a fireman who risks his life. A new graduate from an elite law school starts at a pay roughly equivalent to a full professor at the end of his or her career. Auletta becomes furious with some contract provisions which the uniformed services won from John Lindsay but he, like almost eveyone else in the society, ignores the systemic irrationality of the entire income structure.

In Auletta's methodology a union greed which is either non-existent or exaggerated is equated with the role of the banks which sold New York paper when that was hugely profitable—one of the City's advisors was the arch-puritan, and even more arch-banker, William Simon—and then abandoned its old client in the hour of its need. This is further compounded by several laudatory references to Atlanta's breaking of a sanitation strike, which is held up as a kind of model of toughness. Auletta does not mention that it also involved the mayor's double-crossing his own supporters in the union and refusing to act on an agreement which had brought federal money into the city for the precise purpose of paying those sanitation men.

Finally, all of this leads Auletta to denounce politics as such. Politics, he argues, was the "common denominator for most of the fateful local decisions leading to New York's fiscal crisis. . . . Simply defined, *politics* was the absence of leaders who thought about the long-term public interest." It is sadly reported that the Democratic reform movement weakened "the ability of the dominant Democratic party to discipline disparate voices." Once again, scatter-shot is at work: the banks are political, the unions are political, the minorities are political, and therefore everybody is to blame. And who, or what, will provide that non-political standard of the "long-term public interest"?

In saying all of these things—and I have concentrated on theory, where Auletta is weak, not on reportage where he is often quite useful—I do not want to suggest that New York City is merely the victim of huge and impersonal trends. People like John Lindsay and Abraham Beame made the worst of a bad situation by concealing the truth from the people—and probably from themselves. Unpardonable games were played, though the role of the corporate rich in inventing them—the Rockefeller-John Mitchell "moral authority" bond, for instance—deserves more recognition. It was outrageous that a Lindsay would use capital funds for short-term educational costs on the grounds that schooling was an investment in "human capital," and so on.

But, when all is said and done, if New York had been governed by people with the values of Ken Gibson in Newark or by the strike-breaking mayor of Atlanta, that would not have forestalled a disaster which was the work of the glacial movement of corporate capitalism aided, abetted and subsidized at every point by the federal government. If one disregards Auletta's generalizations and sticks to his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facts (which, as far as I can tell, are only occasionally wrong, e.g., in his description of the Stavisky bill in the state legislature) there is much useful material on how some politicians turned necessity into a vice.

Good old days of Cardinal Spellman

THE BATTLE FOR THE AMERICAN CHURCH

George A. Kelly
Doubleday, $14.95

John Jay Hughes

MONSIGNOR GEORGE A. KELLY is a priest of the Archdiocese of New York, aged 61, to whom Cardinal Spellman in his later years entrusted important administrative responsibilities that might have led to Kelly's elevation to the episcopate. Following the selection of Terence Cooke as Spellman's successor, Kelly chose to seek his fortune in the academic world, and accepted a prestigious faculty appointment from the Vincentians at St. John's University in Jamaica, Long Island. In this lengthy book he undertakes to show that what he terms "religious crime" has become widespread in American Catholicism since Vatican II. As examples he lists: "public confrontations with Pope and bishops, misuse of the Eucharist, scandalous public misconduct by priests and nuns." The perpetrators of such misdeeds, Kelly maintains, have so intimidated church authorities at all levels that the latter "have backed away from enforcing their own well-known and well-understood laws," thus rendering law itself "moot by nonattention." An institution which does not correct disorder so flagrant, Kelly argues, is on the way to disintegration.

There can be few things more deserving of investigation and exposure today than the enormous amount of foolishness and outright chicanery in American Catholicism since the Council. Precisely because of the importance of the issues involved, however, the investigator must bring to his task theological precision, and a sense of history. Kelly possesses neither. Moreover, his book furnishes numerous examples of the incorrect grammar, impossible style and tortured or ludicrous logic which university professors today expect from their students, but not from a colleague. The result is a work which falls distressingly short of its self-set goal; which will convince none but the converted; and which will be widely assumed to vindicate those who (if but half of what Kelly writes about them is true) deserve the severest condemnation.

There is first of all the question of Kelly's theological stance. Such theology as the book contains is ill-digested, or just plain wrong. In an early chapter Kelly calls the Eucharist "a repetition of the sacrifice of the cross," a statement which is formally heretical. Kelly's ignorance on a matter so fundamental hardly inspires confidence. Small wonder that the book appears without ecclesiastical approbation. But does Kelly not realize the inconsistency of complaining over 500 pages about the failure of others to observe and enforce ecclesiastical discipline, when he himself sees no need to submit to the judgment of a church censor (who, if consulted, could have spared Kelly the derisive laughter of his foes)?

In a critical discussion of process theology (introduced abruptly and without explanation in a chapter on "The Birth Control Battle"), Kelly criticizes those who decline to take "statements of the church simply as truth itself." He is apparently unaware that even the Roman Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith has now conceded that truth can never be fully expressed once-for-all in ecclesial statements. (Not surprisingly, "once-for-all" is a favorite term of Kelly's, and appears frequently throughout the book.) On the next page he quotes with approval a statement that "there is no warrant in the mandate of Christ" for "the insistence of dissenters that theologians are intrinsic to the ecclesial Magisterium." The position Kelly here adopts implies that Christ gave the church a fixed constitution; what he actually gave was the Holy Spirit.

Early in the book it becomes clear that Kelly's most important criterion is taken not from theology at all, but from the world of American business. Repeatedly he writes of contemporary developments in the church as "management problems." The Catholic church, he claims in his opening chapter "Who's in Charge?", was "once a marvel of good

Study THEOLOGY at Loyola of Chicago

For application or information contact:

Sr. Mary Peter McGinty, C.S.J.
LOYOLA UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
6525 North Sheridan Road
Chicago, Illinois 60626

We are an equal opportunity educator/employer.

FALL SEMESTER BEGINS
SEPTEMBER 4, 1979
ENDS DECEMBER 19, 1979

Themes and Methods in the Interpretation of Biblical Thought
Rev. Frederick Moriarty, S.J.
TTh 6:00-7:15 P.M.

Synoptic Gospels: Matthew
Rev. Brendan McGrath, O.S.B.
MW 4:35-5:50 P.M.

History of Christian Thought
Rev. Richard Smith, S.J.
TTh 7:25-8:40 P.M.

Christology
Rev. Earl Weis, S.J.
MW 6:00-7:15 P.M.

Christian Spirituality
Rev. John Powell, S.J.
TTh 4:35-5:50 P.M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

management." One wonders how any organization could possibly be a marvel of good management which promotes the vast majority of its officials by seniority rather than by merit; which selects its leaders on the basis of cronyism (especially in the pre-conciliar days whose passage Kelly laments); and which has no system of accountability worth the name at any level. As evidence for his audacious claim Kelly cites the notorious study of the American Institute of Management, which announced in 1960 that the Catholic church was "one of the two most efficient management enterprises in the Western World." (The other was General Motors.) There can be few people now alive in a better position than Kelly to know that the primary purpose of this study was to reassure Cardinal Spellman—who on the evidence of his official biography (and not merely of the unsupported anecdote and gossip in which Kelly's book abounds) was in frequent need of such therapy.

Kelly's deficient sense of history is not limited to gaffes like including the French Abbot Guéranger, who died in 1875, in a list of mid-twentieth century Catholic intellectuals, most of them still alive. There is worse. He is unembarrassed to write that the doctrinal confusion following Vatican II "might not have occurred had the Council Fathers in 1965 exercised the foresight of their predecessors in 1565." This ignores the totally different situation confronting the Tridentine church, which required measures (the anathema being the most obvious example) excluded by John XXIII in advance—and rightly—for Vatican II. The same lack of any historical sense is evident in Kelly's all too obvious nostalgia for the good old days of Cardinal Spellman.

It is difficult to discover Kelly's own program for getting American Catholicism back on track—the more so as his concluding chapter appears to retract many of the positions advanced throughout the book. But it seems to come down to less dialogue and more toughness all round. The hierarchy, Kelly writes, "frequently loses from too much dialogue accompanied by too little decision-making, by decisions made too late, or too little enforced."

These crippling defects are but one tip of an enormous iceberg. They are the more regrettable because at its best the book is squarely on target. Kelly's accounts of current developments in religious education (though not his chapter on universities), and in women's religious orders, are devastating for those whose fatuousness and (in not a few cases) lack of basic Christianity or even common sense he ruthlessly exposes. Characteristically Kelly takes no cognizance of positive developments in these areas. He deserves full credit, however, for pointing out that the church's present crisis presents a unique opportunity for spiritual growth; but that this opportunity will assuredly be lost unless we get vigorous, imaginative episcopal leadership of a truly new type.

There is already evidence of such leadership in Rome. In the United States the picture remains clouded, but by no means without hope. Kelly's concluding hopeful quotation from Newman in 1852 is not notably consistent with most of the material preceding it. Even more deserving of the attention of American Catholics today are some later words of Newman, upon receiving formal notification, in Rome, of his selection as Cardinal in 1879.

> Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain. On the other hand, what is uncertain, and in these great contests commonly is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise when it is witnessed, is the particular mode in the event by which Providence rescues and saves its elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening; sometimes he falls to pieces of himself; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial and then is removed. Commonly the church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own proper duties in confidence and peace, to stand still, and to see the salvation of God.

From Castroism to Communism

THE UNSUSPECTED REVOLUTION

THE BIRTH AND RISE OF CASTROISM

Mario Llerena

Cornell University Press, $12.50, 324 pp.

Joe Nicholson

I OPENED this book expecting a rather dry and academic anti-Castro diatribe, and was delighted to discover instead a fascinating—and occasionally spine-tingling—inside account of how Fidel, in the guise of a selfless patriot devoted to overthrowing dictatorship and restoring democracy, manipulated his non-Communist followers (including the author) to seize dictatorial power for himself.

Mario Llerena—according to the story he tells—was a liberal, anti-Communist professor when he was asked by Castro, whom he had known from leftist political circles in Havana, to work for the 26 of July Movement. Charmed and persuaded, Llerena carried out various undercover assignments until Batista's police identified him as a subversive, forcing him and his family to flee into exile in Mexico. Castro then named Llerena head of the movement's foreign supporters and sent him to New York to run the guerrillas' public relations campaign. During numerous TV appearances and press conferences, and at meetings with U.S. Congressmen and Castro supporters, Llerena vehemently—and innocently—denied allegations that Castro had Communist leanings.

In Llerena, Castro had picked an ideal spokesman to protect himself from the Red stigma, which then could have been fatal to his plans. Articulate and in many respects an inquisitive and subtle observer, Llerena had a strange faith in the virtues of democratic capitalism that was naive at the time of the Cuban Revolution and that is positively quaint today. He apparently sincerely believes the exploi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tation of U.S. multinational corporations and the general degradation of the poor majority throughout Latin America is all Marxist fiction.

Probably due to his narrowminded, middle-class perspective, Llerena went on seeing Castro as a democratic reformer when public evidence—not to mention the inside information he here records—indicated otherwise. He never doubted Castro's promise to hold free elections under the terms of Cuba's Constitution of 1940, and so he went on working assiduously to build Fidel's image as the heroic *guerrillero*—an image which grew inside Cuba, where Batista kept a news blackout on Castro's revolt, largely due to news reports from the U.S., particularly the dramatic interviews with Castro by *New York Times* and CBS correspondents, whom Llerena helped slip into rebel territory.

Llerena quotes from Castro's handwritten letters in which Fidel reasserted his democratic intentions at the same time he was negotiating secretly with Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, then a top officer of the Cuban Communist Party and now probably the third most powerful Cuban behind the Castro brothers. The rather hapless Cuban Communist Party had achieved a modicum of influence through an informal alliance with Batista and was then the only left-of-center political group still supporting him. Rodriguez, whose previous contacts had been with Raul, Che and several other committed Marxists in the rebel high command, had traveled to the Sierra Maestra to trade his party's support for Fidel's commitment to set up a Marxist regime.

Some months later when Llerena finally realized he had been duped into heading and giving credibility to a Communist front, he resigned and then, after Castro's victory several months later, he returned to Cuba to confront accusations by Castro's Marxist aides that he had resigned because of a lack of patriotism. There, he worked as a columnist for a succession of Havana newspapers, resigning from each paper as it was occupied by Castro's soldiers and turned into a government propaganda organ. When no independent papers remained, and after Castro viciously assailed Llerena's character during one of his interminable TV monologues, Llerena and his family reluctantly returned to exile in the United States, where they continue to live.

Llerena writes clearly, but he belabors his thesis (that he was duped) as though he harbors fears he still may be accused of knowingly helping a Communist into power. A good editor could have told him when he had proven that point and should have rectified several other minor weaknesses—occasional repetition, a loss of narrative pace due to backtracking at the start of chapters and the burial of various and sundry fascinating facts and anecdotes in footnotes at the back of the book.

Llerena's utterly negative assessment of the Castro regime is, to my mind, rendered valueless by his blindness to the lot of the majority of poor Cubans, who previously suffered and now enjoy superb health care, new housing, modern schools, a full-employment economy, and equal opportunity regardless of race or sex (though not regardless of sexual orientation—gay Cubans still suffer). Did Llerena, a native Cuban, never see the *bohio* huts in which the rural poor lived? Did he never see the droves of women who could subsist only as prostitutes? Did he have no conception of the hardship caused by the widespread unemployment after the sugar-cane *zafra* ended?

This book's great value (augmented by the index and appended documents) lies in the inside glimpse it gives of the ways in which the Cuban revolutionaries maneuvered—more than fought—their way into power. The inside picture of Fidel wheeling and dealing with his followers and with competing revolutionary groups is the best I have ever read. I particularly enjoyed Llerena's description of the time Fidel—not yet a one-man ruler—got carried away during an interview and then was forced by his revolutionary comrades to back off from a peace offer he made to Batista.

Insuring trouble

THE MALPRACTITIONERS
John Gunther
Anchor Press, $10, 349 pp.

PAIN AND PROFIT: THE POLITICS OF MALPRACTICE
Silvia Law and Steven Polan
Harper & Row, $12.95, 305 pp.

Joseph A. Page

DURING THE MONTH of January, 1976, doctors in Los Angeles County withheld medical services to protest sharp increases in the premiums they had to pay for malpractice liability insurance. Their strike produced one salutary surprise. A recent study by a U.C.L.A. researcher has unearthed the fact that the County achieved a significant *decrease* in its death rate while the doctors were professionally inactive.

Anyone puzzled by this anomaly should ponder *The Malpractitioners* or *Pain and Profit*, a tandem of readable, well-documented dissections of the so-called "medical malpractice crisis" that made headlines a few years ago.

According to newspaper accounts and institutional advertising by the insurance industry, dramatic rises in the cost of liability insurance for physicians were threatening to drive already soaring medical costs to prohibitive heights. For 1975, estimates of the burden the "crisis" had imposed upon the public ranged from $2 billion to $11 billion. The finger of blame pointed at the large awards patients were said to be winning against doctors. Claims-conscious consumers, greedy lawyers, overly sympathetic juries and the liberalization of the rules of law governing medical negligence were among the causes supposedly conspiring to produce what were expansively termed "boxcar verdicts." One solution pushed by insurers and doctors was to change the legal rules to make it more difficult for claimants to recover. Vigorous lobbying efforts convinced many state legislatures to enact statutes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cutting down the patient's rights in malpractice cases.

Now that the dust has settled and the facts have been winnowed from the rhetoric, the "crisis" begins to take on aspects of the proverbial three-dollar bill. While malpractice insurance premiums did skyrocket, the causes of these increases had little to do with unjustified claims or excessive awards. Moreover, the cure being peddled to state legislators did not deal with the real problems.

As *The Malpractitioners* vividly points out, statistics on the incidence of medical negligence prove that but a small percentage of patients harmed by faulty care bring claims against the doctors responsible for their suffering. A report by the Rand Corporation, published last June in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, verifies this debunking of the complaint that malpractice claims have reached a disproportionate level. The exact reverse is true. In addition, those who sue and recover are on the aggregate undercompensated for the amount of economic loss inflicted upon them.

Therefore, what is one to make of the controversy over premium costs? According to the books under review, the answer is both simple and outraging: the insurance industry manufactured the "crisis" and then exploited it to the hilt in order to recoup serious investment losses the companies incurred in the stock market. *Pain and Profit* stresses that "malpractice insurance, in the year of the industry's 'crisis,' was on the whole, a *profitable* line for the industry." The authors give examples of how insurers set their rates by manipulating data. *The Malpractitioners* provides further support to this charge, demonstrating losses can be bloated by the technique of assigning monetary values to non-existent claims. Thus, some companies require doctors to report every incident that might conceivably result in a claim. The insurers then put dollar figures on these claims and carry them on their books as losses. But as a federal study has proved, about 40 percent of these incidents never lead to claims by patients.

The flimflammery provoking the outcry over malpractice insurance costs should not obscure the realities of the medical-negligence dilemma. Patients are indeed sustaining injuries or worse, legitimate disputes over claims continue to arise and physicians have real concerns about the way society resolves these conflicts. Both books attempt to grapple with the *bona fide* problems of how to reduce the incidence of malpractice, and how to provide just and adequate compensation for those harmed by medical treatment.

There is a broader issue, however, that emerges from these books. The insurance industry enjoys a freedom from sustained scrutiny that facilitates the kind of corporation chicanery that made a profitable "crisis" out of medical malpractice. Government officials seem unable or unwilling to dig out the true facts and figures. There are no citizens groups monitoring insurers. If we pay no heed to history, we shall be condemned to repeat it. Today the nation faces a "products liability crisis," complete with soaring liability premiums, institutional ads, the same rhetoric and the same proposed solutions. The lessons taught by *The Malpractitioners* and *Pain and Profits* will hopefully have a spill-over effect.

Tolstoy in Serbia

A TIME OF DEATH

Dobrica Cósic

Translated by Muriel Heppel

Harcourt, Brace, $10.95, 437 pp.

Ivan Sanders

ACCORDING to a Yugoslav-born American critic, *A Time of Death* "can already be considered to be the best novel in Serbian literature." The non-Yugoslav reader has no choice but to accept this appraisal, even if he feels that measured against classic war novels Dobrica Cósic's massive work, a shortened version of an even vaster cycle of novels about Serbia's struggle for survival during World War One, hardly qualifies as a masterpiece.

The author may have had *War and Peace* in mind all along; he may have wanted to communicate the reality of war even more graphically than Tolstoy did—in one battle scene a student soldier hears the screams of men hit by shrapnel, and exclaims: "I don't remember anything like that from *War and Peace*." — but the novel lacks Tolstoy's luminous and urgent realism. It, too, paints a broad canvas and fills it with a host of representative types, but Tolstoy's willed randomness is missing. There is too much crucial dialogue and revealing interior monologue here; too many neatly described scenes. Of course, it may be unfair to compare every realist war novel to *War and Peace*, though Cósic invites comparison, not only by making pointed references to the Russian masterpiece, but by reaching conclusions about war that are remarkably close to Tolstoy's views. For Cósic, as for Tolstoy, war becomes a metaphor for the human condition. "All kinds of feelings belong to war," says the tenacious and compassionate General Misic who succeeds in rallying his army after the Austrian onslaught. He comes to the realization that war is inevitable, eternal, and—clearly echoing Tolstoy's theories as expounded in the final chapters of *War and Peace*—believes that "statesmen could decide questions relating to the progress, liberty, and rights of a people; military leaders could defend or conquer lands or cities. But neither of them could decide the fate or survival of a nation. No, this was decided by some other force, some power that lay below the surface of all visible facts, and above all measurable strength . . . Something by which a man and a nation survived and endured, even though a time of death prevailed throughout the world."

As we said, a novel cannot be faulted for not measuring up to a supreme masterpiece. Isaac Bashevis Singer is probably right in saying that when a writer emulates Tolstoy, even if what he writes "doesn't come out 100 percent, it's still good." Perhaps it is because *A Time of Death* is such a perfect example of national literature that its significance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanes when read in translation, in a different cultural milieu. Even though Ćosić is too sophisticated an artist to exploit nationalist feelings—the book is not so much a paean to Serbian fortitude as a study of a people in mortal danger—there are a great many names, places, dates in the novel that resonate with meaning only for the Serbian reader. The outsider may vaguely sense the reverberations, but he can not be moved by them.

Nevertheless, as a historical novel *A Time of Death* documents convincingly the ordeal of a small nation overrun by a powerful neighbor and abandoned by her allies. In late 1914 Serbia's fate hangs in the balance. The Austrians are preparing to deliver a final, decisive blow, while the Serbian army, running out of provisions, shells, men, is down to drafting students. When General Misić is asked to take over as Commander of the First Army, he stoically agrees and braces himself for the worst. The High Command is not particularly fond of the independent-minded Misić; perhaps that is why he is made the leader of a collapsing army. But because he is a brilliant strategist *and* an uncommonly sensitive man, an intellectual as well as a man of action, he achieves the impossible. Against the advice of his fellow officers, he is determined to defend the mountain ridge where his army is deployed, orders a tactical retreat only when its positions become totally untenable, and later seizes the perfect psychological moment to mount an attack on the enemy.

Like all leaders, Misić takes calculated risks, and is tough and ruthless at times, but he is genuinely concerned about his men. For him war is not so many clever stratagems but a desperate human drama. He rejects "the strategy of maps and staff officers, and of history books," and cringes when his officers use impersonal military jargon or hackneyed journalistic phrases about the war. Essentially a loner and a brooder, Misić becomes a superoptimist when others despair and a skeptical observer when others exult. At the end he is convinced that Serbia's victory over mighty Austria, the triumph of any small country over a powerful one, is bound to be short-lived. "The victor will be savagely punished for transgressing the law of this world. Can Serbia have any hope of peace, after defeating the Austro-Hungarian Empire? Vengeance awaits us, inescapable vengeance." Though he doesn't huddle in the trenches, Misić is well aware of the terrors of war. He can identify with his Austrian counterpart as easily as he can with his foot soldiers. He abhors destruction, and only because he knows Serbia is fighting for its life does he find the strength to spur his men on. "We are a peasant army, that means a defensive army," he tells one of his officers; "one doesn't fight for victory and glory, but for homes and children, meadows and sheepfolds. People will fight for their own name and their own grave. Such an army can do everything, but only when it is fighting for survival, when it sees and knows for what it must die."

The Serbian people may have been united in their resolve to repel the enemy, but they did not share the same dreams or the same futures. War does not obliterate class distinctions; if anything it highlights them. For example, the members of a student battalion have difficulty adjusting to their plebeian comrades' ways, while they, seasoned veterans though they are, defer to the new recruits because of the novices' social position. An officer, who in civilian life is a professor, rejoices in his country's good fortune, and proudly proclaims: "After our victories over Turkey and Bulgaria, and now over Austria-Hungary, we Serbs have at last become a real nation in the historical sense of the word." A peasant soldier views the same victory in quite a different light: "The government will go on like it used to making us pay taxes . . ." The merchants will fleece us peasants twice as much as they used to. Our officers will get promotions and medals. . .

When the peasants are made to talk too much like peasants; when too many students are portrayed as disillusioned idealists; when conversations between generals and junior officers are interlarded with clichés and stock responses, the reader wearies of the novel, and of the author's compulsion to tell all. But when the immense destruction and dislocation of war are concentrated in comprehensible tragedies—a father mourning his son,

Classified

RATES: 70c a word, one time; 66c, three times; 63c, six times; Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., NYC 10016.

Amnesty International

Combat imprisonment and torture of political prisoners. Join Amnesty International, which in the 60s and 70s has helped secure the release of 13,000 prisoners. Send contributions to Amnesty International USA, 2112 Broadway, New York N.Y. 10023.

Divorced Catholics

REMARRIAGE AND EUCHARIST Lecture-discussion dates now available for Fall 1979-Spring 1980. Contact Msgr. Stephen J. Kelleher, Sacred Heart Church, 457 West 51st Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Married Priests

CORPUS-National Association Resigned/Married Priests. Box 2649, Chicago, 60690.

Situation Wanted

YOUNG WOMAN with Bachelor's degree in Social Welfare and Master's degree in Criminal Justice desires teaching position with Catholic college. Experience in law enforcement and some experience in corrections. Send applications to: Cathy Stoltz, 1142 Alford Ave., Birmingham, Al. 35226.

Religious Life

FOR FORMER RELIGIOUS (men and women) who seriously consider reentrance into religious life, and for *delayed* or *late-blooming religious vocations* (including previously married).

VILLA MARIA provides a year-long opportunity for serious discernment with daily Mass and prayer, religious community living, theological renewal and spiritual direction, in cooperation with a JESUIT UNIVERSITY.

WRITE: Fr. Armand Nigro, S.J.,
VILLA MARIA E. 418 Mission Ave.
Spokane, Wash. 99202
509-327-1440.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a soldier desperately searching for his horse, a student rushing to his death to prove he is not a coward—then *A Time of Death* becomes a poignant tribute to human dignity and perseverence.

In brief

FRAGMENTS OF ISABELLA, *A Memoir of Auschwitz, by Isabella Leitner, edited with an epilogue by Irving A. Leitner, Thomas Cromwell, $7.95, 128 pp.*

Another book about the holocaust? *Another* attempt to speak about the unspeakable?

One approaches this new book with weariness and suspicion. For what can there possibly be left to say that hasn't already been said before?

Yet this book takes hold of you as you read it and it stays with you afterwards. It is a painful book to read. It must have been an excruciating book to write. You don't know which to marvel at the more as you read it: the capacity for cruelty, the amount of sadism that human beings are evidently capable of inflicting, or the amount of resiliency, the capacity to endure and survive that human beings are evidently capable of revealing.

The book is made up of a series of brief snapshots. In each one a whole world comes together: life and death, horror and humanity, intermingle. There are a couple of scenes that I think will stay with me for some time to come because of their simplicity, their purity, and their artlessness.

One is the mother stuffed into that railroad train on the way to Auschwitz with her children, unable to sit, unable to stand, yet speaking to them about hope, telling them to stay alive, promising them that out there, when it is all over there will be a world waiting for them, telling them that despite what they now see there is such a thing as humanity. And urging them to add to that humanity, to nourish it and increase it. She lived only four more days, and yet that vision and that commitment to life that she imparted lived on in those children who heard her and took to heart her words.

I think of that father who had escaped Europe in order to find some way to rescue his family, who had managed to obtain papers to America for them only to have them arrive a day after Hungary went to war against America, who somehow managed to obtain a second set of papers for them, this time for Israel, only to have them arrive four weeks after Hitler entered Hungary.

I think of the brother, Philip, who was caged in a different section of Planet Auschwitz from his sisters and who somehow acquired a knife and found pieces of wood and carved messages to them, messages urging them to stay alive and to continue to believe in the sanity of humanity. When everything else in their environment conspired to make them feel like animals, that "mail," those chips of wood, made them feel human.

And one more image from this book will stay with me. Isabella Leitner somehow survived the holocaust and somehow made her way to America and somehow rejoined the human race. But like all the survivors she lives from then on in two worlds. She lives in a society where dates and parties and luxuries are important and she lives in the knowledge that she once inhabited a world in which a crumb of bread or an ounce of kindness was important. And it is often hard to keep the two worlds together in her soul. She writes of how strange it felt for the first time, after her aunt had pleaded with her to begin to dress and act like all other Americans and had prodded her often, how strange it felt to look into a mirror and put on lipstick. How strange it felt to move from the animal world back into human life again.

Fragments of Isabella is a book that tells a story we have heard before, but it tells it with such poignancy and such depth, such a commitment to life and such a sense of responsibility to the future, that it deserves to be read and studied—and taken to heart.

Would that there could be a Hungarian edition—and a German one too!

JACK RIEMER

SHEPHERD'S PIE, *by Norbert Gaughan, The Thomas More Association, $8.95, 250 pp.*

I was suspicious about this book. I expected it to be another silly example of those books offering warm fuzzies in the name of relevant theology. I was mistaken.

Norbert Gaughan, auxiliary bishop of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, writes like Erma Bombeck, Edwin Newman and Isaiah the Prophet rolled into one—offering wit, perception and clarity. Gaughan's prose is crisp. He has a *joie de vivre* and an ability to write satire without becoming cynical. "Unfortunately," he writes, "some saints have dropped out of sight through the liturgical calendar revision . . . In a helpful spirit we offer other possibilities . . .

"Saints Input and Feedback, help
us to communicate;
"Saints Process and Procedure,
show us how to organize;
"Saints Programmatic and Chart,
demonstrate our lines of communication."

And in a spirit of Catholic brotherhood, the bishop even offers a list of saints and a litany for conservatives:

"Saints Status Quo and Good-
Old-Days, take us back;
"Apostles James and John, 'Sons
of Thunder' lash
out bolts of lightning at those who
would dare

REVIEWERS

MICHAEL HARRINGTON *is Chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee. His most recent book is* The Vast Majority *(Simon and Schuster).*

FATHER JOHN JAY HUGHES, *a priest of the diocese of Münster, is Adjunct Professor of History at St. Louis University.*

JOE NICHOLSON, *author of* Inside Cuba, *toured revolutionized Cuba and received the Overseas Press Club's 1974 Citation for Excellence for foreign reporting.*

JOSEPH A. PAGE *is a professor at the Georgetown University Law Center.*

IVAN SANDERS *teaches English at Suffolk Community College in Selden, New York.*

RABBI JACK RIEMER *is the editor of* Jewish Reflections on Death *(Schocken).*

JACK DICK *writes a regular book review column for the* National Catholic Reporter.

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN *is an associate professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to have Mass in any other way or language but the
way God established in the Garden of Eden."

Norbert Gaughan's main point in *Shepherd's Pie* is that contemporary American Catholics are disconnected people. We are cut-off from history, language, art and symbol. In effect we have unplugged ourselves from our life-support systems. "We took away religious symbols," he writes, "because we said they no longer communicate. We trotted out the manufactured symbols which communicate even less, or convey only sterility, barrenness, alienation. Partisans on all sides of religious battles pile up words like dead bodies to muffle the sounds of their enemies. . . .

"What will rescue us from this empty, meaningless meaning? Possibly discipline, precision, candor, honesty, hard work. Above all, we need to tell truth to one another—in charity, of course."

Shepherd's Pie is a Catholic banquet.

JACK DICK

EVERY CHILD'S BIRTHRIGHT: IN DEFENSE OF MOTHERING *by Selma Fraiberg, Basic Books, $8.95, 162 pp.*

If one evaluates a society by how it treats its very old and its very young, America doesn't do very well. Our "senior citizens" are denied meaningful activity as citizens and those basic social services that would enable them to end their days, to live out their lives, with dignity and decency. Our children, in a society that prides itself on being "child-oriented," are abused in large numbers either in their own homes, foster homes, or institutions; they are left to wither in overpopulated, overpriced and understaffed day-care centers or to linger in a twilight zone before television sets. It is not a pretty picture, all told, and Selma Fraiberg pulls no punches in painting it. Writing as a lobbyist for children, taking the child-centered point of view, Fraiberg amasses a compelling array of evidence that the world's richest society subjects its children to the risk of an emotional impoverishment that damages or incapacitates them for work, love, and citizenship and does so systematically for its most disadvantaged members, haphazardly for its more privileged.

Fraiberg points to a "sobering discovery," one that researchers in infant psychology and within a wide range of other disciplines agree upon, and that is "that the human qualities of enduring love and commitment to love are forged during the first two years of life." There are certain fundamental human needs, she might argue, and these needs constitute a kind of *a priori* birthright for every single human infant born into the world. To the extent that a society meets the child's basic needs for nourishment and nurturance it sustains both the individual child's innate "birthright" as well as the moral basis of its own continued existence. To the extent that a society is neglectful of a child's needs—even, shockingly, systematically neglectful as a direct outgrowth of its public policies—it denies the birthright of the individual child and erodes the basis of the human community. It condemns the child to a half-life and passes against itself, if Fraiberg is correct, a kind of death sentence for without moral beings there can be no moral community.

Fraiberg writes powerfully and movingly of the damage we do to our young and of the public policies and private profits that help us to justify to ourselves why we, as a society, can do no better or are, in fact, doing quite well. Her chapters on "Child Care Industries Incorporated" and "Priorities for Children" condemn what now exists and suggest how we can do better. One finishes her book with a sense of anger that threatens to elide into despair for one knows the many ways in which policy makers and parents alike will deny and evade Fraiberg's testimony. And our children will continue to be our victims.

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

Correspondence

(Continued from page 386)

that our task was "a long patient and costly struggle that mocked the pretensions of individual acumen and ingenuity." Stevenson lost to the general (the knight in armor) who would fix it simply ("I will go to Korea."). I did not believe then (or now) that there is any simple fix, right or left, on our society. (John Courtney Murray liked to refer to himself as in "the radical middle.") The presidency is a *political* post with all the syllables pronounced and politics is the art of the possible—not the art of making do, but the art of working the complex urges for good that exist in our human world (even among some capitalists and some bureaucrats). I know they aren't as chaste as some of the buzz words of the left or right but I like words like "tolerance," "balance," "prudence," "judiciousness," when discussing politics—if Jerry Brown or Phil Crane have those traits they are discussable as presidents; if not, back to Munchkin land.

DENNIS O'BRIEN
President, Bucknell Univeristy

University presses

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: Congratulations on the excellent article by Jack Miles, "The University Press and The American Mind" [May 25]. For all kind of pragmatic and economic reasons, research, particularly in the humanities, lives an increasingly tenuous life these days. Powerholders need to be convinced that advancing knowledge is not a luxury; it is an essential part of the human enterprise.

University presses too are at a crucial junction. Their primary mission will always be to publish books of enduring merit. But the role of the university press of necessity has expanded to include thoughtful books which directly apply research to the major issues of our time. The paradox is that as the scope of university press publishing widens, financial support for many presses is dwindling.

I suspect that research as a culture rallying point in our society will not take hold unless and until serious and engaging programs are launched to make lifelong learning more than a slogan. University presses may well play an important part in helping this happen.

JAMES R. LANGFORD
Director
University of Notre Dame Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNEARTHED TREASURE

by Robert L. Spaeth

I've inherited a treasure. It came to light, as many treasures do, when a closet was cleaned. The friend who cleaned the closet put the treasure into cardboard boxes, considered transferring it to a new closet, considered burying it, then decided to bequeath it to me. A rare friend.

The treasure is simple to describe but complicated to appreciate. It consists of hundreds upon hundreds of copies of *Commonweal* magazine, from the current issues of 1979 back to the yellowing issues of 1946. The collection is not complete—what closet is? Nonetheless, it is pure gold.

I have spread the treasure out on my living room floor where I can sit among some of the best American Catholic writing of the past quarter-century. . . .

At my feet, within my reach, lies an abundance of valuable writing by great Catholic authors: Anne Fremantle, Ronald Knox, Jacques Maritain, Graham Greene, John Cogley, William V. Shannon, William P. Clancy, Christopher Dawson, Walker Percy, Daniel Callahan, Hans Kung. There are also non-Catholic writers, such as Robert McAfee Brown and Harvey Cox, whose keen *Commonweal* articles made them equally valuable to Catholic thought. . . .

The permanence in my *Commonweal* collection is the determination of its editors and writers to face the issues of each day—political, cultural, religious—with careful thought and moderation. Flippancy is not a mark of *Commonweal*.

Commonweal's seriousness began with the magazine itself, in 1924, when a group of Catholic laymen founded a weekly review (changed to bi-weekly in '74) based on "the continuous, unbroken tradition and teachings of the historic Mother Church." The founders believed that "nothing can do so much for the betterment, the happiness, and the peace of the American people as the influence of the enduring and tested principles of Catholic Christianity."

With that dedication, *Commonweal* struggled with the Spanish Civil War, the rise of Communism, the Catholic Worker movement, the liturgical movement, McCarthyism, Vatican Council II, Vietnam, *Humanae Vitae*, Watergate. The magazine has paid constant attention to Catholic education, ecumenism, civil rights, reform of the church, the Catholic press. In recent years it has published special issues called "*Commonweal* Papers" on topics such as "Jesus," "The Holy Spirit," "Faith" "New Frontiers in Theology."

My own small treasure, numbering fewer than half of the issues published over 55 years, shows that *Commonweal* grappled with tough problems early and often. Two articles called "Should Women be Priests?" appeared in 1966. Possible changes in abortion laws were analyzed repeatedly in the '60's.

So I look for *Commonweal's* reaction to the 1973 Supreme Court decision on abortion. What a surprise to find the major article written by Congressman Robert F. Drinan SJ. Father Drinan believed the Court's decision was caused by the justices' recognition that abortion laws are "unenforced and unenforceable." He saw then that the decision gave "virtually exclusive jurisdiction over who will live and who will die during the first three months of their unborn existence" to the "physicians of America." Drinan—now, oddly enough, on the "hit list" of the political pro-lifers—recommended that "those who believe that the inviolability of all human life, fetal or not, is the centerpiece of our civilization must not now be silent about their convictions."

When *Commonweal* turned 50, its editors expressed gratitude to their writers, contributors, advertisers, and subscribers. The gratitude should flow the other way also; surrounded by 23 years of *Commonweal*, my gratitude is immense.

(Robert L. Spaeth has recently been appointed Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Saint John's University in Collegeville, Minnesota. This material is excerpted from a column in the St. Cloud Visitor *of April 12 and is reprinted with permission.)*

412

SEND FOR A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

11 issues (five months) for $7.50

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

Please send the next eleven issues of COMMONWEAL to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip Code** _____

☐ **I prefer a full year's subscription at $20**

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED